

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

STEPS.

- First*....Mission to England.—Two years for the Union (now all forgotten).
Second...Mission in America.—One Hundred and Fifty successive nights
of speech against the Fanatics.
Third....Council of the Eagles.
Fourth...Pomeroy Circular.
Sixth....Fremont Movement.
Seventh...Postponement of Chicago Convention.
Eighth...Stopping Electoral Votes in Nebraska.
Ninth....Trap set in Canada for Old Abe.—A Success.
Tenth....Delegate to Chicago Convention.

NOTE.—*All done for love; neither cares for nor expects office, money, or credit.*

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

BURLEIGH writes to the *Boston Journal* as follows, of ————
—————:

“A great deal has been said about ———— as a used-up or played-out man; he seems to be anything but that. He lives in style at the United States Hotel, Saratoga; rides the handsomest horses in the place; is reputed to have made a great deal of money the past year, and is a power in the Democratic party. Mr. Cox was in his councils while in Saratoga. He was a very earnest actor and very successful in getting the Convention postponed. He has a large interest in the Pacific Railroad; is a delegate to the Convention from Nebraska; and will be felt both in the Convention and in the campaign that will follow. He is an earnest advocate of moderate measures in the coming canvass.”

FROM A LIVE COPPERHEAD.

CAMPAIGN 1864.

This was the first broadside fired by the *Pit* into the *Dress Circle*. His sayings are now Political proverbs. His revolving paragraphs continue to go over the Country. It was most important for the Democrats to take the Copperhead cry as a compliment, as Locofoco was used years ago. There is a wide difference between Defendant and Plaintiff.

[From the *New York World*.]

(PRIVATE.)

As there are to be two candidates in the coming Presidential contest—the candidate for the White House and the Candidate for the Black House—the *Pit* begs to notify the *Dress Circle* that to prevent confusion it has decided upon the following

CAMPAIGN VOCABULARY.

COPPERHEAD.—Signifies devotion to the Union, Constitution, Laws—Opposes kidnapping foreigners—Illegal arrests—Suppressing newspapers—While favoring white wishes to preserve black race from ruin—Believes the President is the servant, not the master, of the people—Thinks a country good enough for Washington and fourteen other Presidents is good enough for him.

All opposed to two-term Presidents will wear an Eagle.

Will never acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, nor permit one star to be taken from the flag of the Republic.

PLATFORM.

1. Declaration of Independence.
2. The Constitution.
3. American Nationality.

MIS-CE-GE-NA-TOR.—Signifies Abolitionist (altered Democrat), Black Republican, Union Party, Loyal Leaguers, Honest people—Composed of all Isms, all Ites, all Ologies—Made up of strong and weak minded women and men who part their hair in the middle—Pretends

All in favor of two-term Presidents—Badge, a Cotton Bale ; Motto, SHODDY !

MIS-CE-GE-NA-TOR.—

to favor black race, while working its destruction—Worships man—Calls names—Uses the pulpit to insult the people—Sneers at Catholics, and calls naturalized citizens d——d Irishmen—Retails obscene jokes *as the ambulances pass from the field of battle*—Holds political meetings at Cooper Institute *while thirty thousand braves are perishing*—Patriotism means Government patronage—Patriot signifies Shoddy—Introduces Nigs into the ladies' gallery and at White House—By and by intends putting in cars and public places, *White persons admitted. Intends to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy!*

PLATFORM.

Subjugation.
Emancipation.
Confiscation.
Domination.
Annihilation.
Destruction, in order to produce
Miscegenation!

Willard's Hotel, Washington, May, 1864.

CAMPAIGN 1864.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT. *

What is a Copperhead?—What is a Mis-ce-ge-na-tor?—The new Campaign Vocabulary—A voice from the Pit against the Packed Convention at Baltimore.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]

WASHINGTON, June 10.

The *Times* and *Tribune* have been calling Democrats (and all who disagree with them) Copperheads, while Copperheads are called Traitors these two years, and yet they are still discussing—*What is a Copperhead?*

* This was written at the house of James Gordon Bennett, at Fort Washington, and when the Pit got almost half through reading it to the Thunderer, he rose up and became exceedingly wroth, saying, "Words, words, words." The fact was he had joined in the chorus of calling Democrats Copperheads; hence, did not like to adopt the name as a Campaign cry. My success is seen by the fact that you cannot compliment a man more now than by calling him a Copperhead.

In order to clear away the fog, I propose to divide the nation into the *Dress Circle* and the *Pit*, signifying the Politicians and the People. When Politicians want money, they come to the rich men in the Pit. When they want votes, they come to the poor men in the Pit. The Pit now proposes to supply, during the coming campaign, a portion of the Brains and Honesty.

The Dress Circle made the War, the Pit must now make the Peace. Belonging to the Pit, having implicit faith in the Pit, as shown when the tea went overboard in Boston harbor, and when it sprung to the rescue of Sumter, I beg, as one of its representatives who has never been in the Dress Circle, (that is, a politician,) to send you the following interpretation that is now being circulated from hand to hand, that the Pit gives to the word Copperhead and Miscegenator. The time has arrived to take sides. These two party names can serve as the November rallying cry. Terms of reproach are powerful correctives, when taken as compliments.

Napoleon nominated himself Emperor By the Grace of God and the will of the People.

Our noble chieftain copies the Emperor and nominates himself President "By the Grace of God and the will of the Contractors."

The *Times* calls Fremont a Copperhead. His followers then must be also Copperheads. Wendell Phillips is a Copperhead. The Germans who met at Cleveland are Copperheads. Dr. Cheever is a Copperhead. Mr. Chase, if we credit the Treasury Circular, is a Copperhead. Perhaps the Vice-President, disgusted at his not being re-nominated, may lead off a party of Copperheads. All opposed to two-term Presidents are therefore Copperheads. Here are a million of voters to start with before you get into the Democratic party. The Outs, twenty to one, are Copperheads. The Ins, Miscegenators. I know of no more pitiful sight than to see members of Congress elected on the Democratic ticket, explaining to some one on the other side that he was not a Copperhead. He was a Democrat, or a Union man, or some other non-descript name. Some Abolitionists call him a mud turtle. Oh, no, he meekly replies, I am one of your common household toads! Or you are a porcupine says another. By no means. You misunderstand my position. I am nothing more or less than a Political skunk. Locofoco was a sneer. The party adopted it, and won the battle. The Platybus of Australia lays eggs like a hen and suckles its young like a cat; is web-footed, and roosts on trees. Our country is full of political Platybuses—weak men who aint anything. I despise a political Eunuch in times like these. For twenty years we have legislated for the Blacks. I propose that the next twenty years, commencing in November, be devoted to the Whites. Hence the Pit adopts the campaign cry of Copperhead, or White Man on the Brain, to distinguish its class from Mis-ce-ge-na-tor, or Nigger on the Brain. We must take care, in our anxiety to give so-called freedom to black people, that we do not lose our own liberties.

The present administration has issued more *lettres de cachet* in two years than Louis XIV did in ten.

Amid political fire-works, contractors, cannon and shoddy banners, four hundred officials assume to represent twenty-four millions of freemen, and re-nominate the administration.

This is the platform :

1st. We, the contractors, and we the President—not we the people.

2d. Greatest good to smallest number.

3d. Congress to act as clerk to Executive, *vide* Seward to Napoleon, on Monroe—Chase to Senate, on Finance—and President to Congress, on Confiscation.

4th. Amend Constitution—second article, sixth section—where it declares that no person holding office under government can be elected a member of Congress, so that it shall read except Major-General Frank P. Blair.

5th. Slavery of Speech. Slavery of Press. Slavery of Mind. Slavery of Election, but absolute Freedom to break the Constitution and insult the People.

We live ages now in a month. The Baltimore affair must have its day.

First Week—Loud and continual cheers.—(In France claqueurs.)

Second Week—Clapping of hands over the land.—(Done by Machinery.)

Third Week—Applause dying out. (Faint tapping of canes.) Natural reaction.

Fourth Week—Dead Silence. The People's Daniel come to Judgment. Diogenes out with his lantern to find another Honest man.

Meanwhile Shoddy sits perched upon the nation's helm, and the Shoddy Biographer circulates the Campaign Biography. Says Sydney Smith.

There are many things in this Book that are Good, and many things that are New, but the things that are good are not new, and the things that are new are not good.

Why did he classify the Bawdy jokes of the White House so that the Miscege-nating clergymen could make them into Proverbs and place them in the high places as the new code of morals for the young?

HONEST President signifies that Washington and his Successors were all Dishonest. Loyal Leagues means all who do not join them are disloyal.

Union Party signifies that all not for the Baltimore Convention are *Dis*-Union. With these explanations, Mr. Editor, and the Postponing of the Chicago Convention, the mist clears away, and the white man will be himself again.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Another voice from the Pit—First step towards acknowledging the Southern Confederacy.

[Correspondence of the *N. Y. Express*.]

WASHINGTON, June 13, 1864.

The party the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad. The wheels of legislation were solemnly stopped to-day, in order to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, signed by George Washington!

This has been done, it is said, in order to prevent another Jerry riot in

Syracuse, and Burns *emeute* in Boston, but in reality it is an Administration measure, preparatory to acknowledging the Southern Confederacy. Proofs can be produced that our honest chief magistrate has been searching for a boundary since March 10, 1862.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

How the Pit beat the Dress Circle, and postponed the Chicago Convention, thereby saving the Copperhead Party from destruction, and opening the door to the Restoration of the Union, the Constitution and the Laws.

138½ MADISON AVENUE, }
June 20, 1864. }

AUGUSTE BELMONT, Esq.,

Chairman National Democratic Committee:

Dear Sir,—I wrote you some weeks since from Washington, Re-postponing the Chicago Convention. Since then the Democratic Press all over the country recommend that course. Fernando Wood, in the presence of a dozen Congressmen, said postpone; yet he wrote Mr. Barlow the same day to the contrary. The annexed is a copy of a paper signed in an hour in the House of Representatives, approving of postponement; a dozen more members, instead of signing, wrote you personal letters. I was with Dean Richmond this morning, and he says three-fourths of the State Committee are in favor of postponement, and he promised to see you thereon to-day.

The Indiana and Illinois members did not sign. They go for the Fourth, but appear to be for Grant. I hope that a National Committee appointed four years ago will not assume to run counter to the almost unanimous desire of the entire party—both Peace and War Democrats. *We intend to win next November, and if the Politicians refuse, the People will try their hand at Government.*

Yours,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, }
Washington, June 18, 1864. }

THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.—HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

AUGUSTE BELMONT, Esq.,

Chairman National Democratic Committee:

Dear Sir,—We approve the postponing of the Chicago Convention.

Jas. R. Marvin.
 Charles Denison.
 John D. Stiles.
 Meyer Strouse.
 James S. Brown.
 W. P. Noble.
 James Brooks.
 Francis Kernan.
 Wm. H. Miller.
 L. D. M. Sweat.
 Jas. E. English.
 John A. Griswold.
 W. F. Odell.
 Ezra Wheeler.
 John L. Pruyn.
 R. Mallory.

C. H. Winfield.
 Alexander Long.
 W. A. Hutchins.
 John L. Dawson.
 John Yanson.
 A. White.
 John B. Steele.
 S. E. Ancona.
 Geo. N. Pendleton.
 William Radford.
 Jno. G. Scott.
 J. Lazear.
 A. H. Cofferth.
 Sam. J. Randall.
 Daniel Marcey.
 H. A. Nelson.

Martin Kalbfleish.

Instead of the old fashioned Forty Resolution Democratic Platform, the following three planks cover the ground to unite on against Lincoln.

PLATFORM :

1. National Integrity.
2. Constitutional Liberty.
3. Individual Rights.

[*From the Constitutional Union, Washington June 29, 1864.*]

The Presidential Campaign of 1864.

This great event may be considered to be fully inaugurated. Everything referring to it may therefore be regarded as interesting and of public concern.

In this regard, we publish to-day the correspondence which took place last week between George Francis Train, Esq., and the senior editor of the *Constitutional Union*. It will repay the time given to its perusal, we are well convinced.

CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN AND HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, }
 Washington, June 21, 1864. }

HON. THOMAS B. FLORENCE,

Editor *Daily Constitutional Union*, Washington, D. C. :

Dear Sir,—Who is Auguste Belmont? What is his August Committee composed of? How is it that this self-appointed committee of Douglass men

assume to speak in the name of (and to override) the great Conservative party of the country?

God bless Douglass and keep his memory green; but I do not admit the right of Belmont, speaking, as I do, in the name of the *Pit* (The People), to force a convention down our throats, even though the *Dress Circle* (The Politicians), tamely submit to such dictation—worse even than the shoddy contracting action of Baltimore.

My memory fails me, else you were Chairman of the National Committee. Where is that Committee? Did you abdicate at the St. Nicholas Meeting, and surrender your power? If not, why are you silent now? I think it your duty to meet and talk over this despotic action on the Chicago affair.

Let me explain:

Day and night I have worked for four weeks to get Belmont to postpone the Chicago Convention, believing such delay to be the salvation of the Conservative party and the country, and yet he has not had the civility of even acknowledging my letters.

Failing all else, I sent him a Round Robin letter, which I got signed by the majority of the party in Congress. I got many members besides to write him personal letters. I saw Dean Richmond, who said that the action of the Committee was suicidal. I pointed out that Butts of the *Rochester Union*, Warren of the *Buffalo Courier*, the *New York Express*, *Sun*, *Daily News*, and *Albany Argus*, and *Age* of Philadelphia—say nothing of the Western papers—were against forcing a nomination in July; yet General Dawson, of Pennsylvania, and other members of Congress have got letters from Belmont, saying the Committee decline to postpone; and this is corroborated by the telegrams in the papers from New York. Bennett and the *Journal of Commerce* are the only force against postponement, unless it is Cox of Ohio, and the Indiana and Illinois Delegations who are talking Grant.

Postponement is our salvation. The Baltimore nomination gives the conservative lovers of the country the largest and the *smallest* mark a people ever had to fire at! Why nominate a man for them to attack? Leave the Mis-ce-ge-na-ting Party alone for four months, and they will blow up by spontaneous combustion. Breakwater number one was Chase on the Pomeroy circular. Breakwater number two is Fremont and his powerful force. Breakwater number three is postponing the Chicago Convention; and you will find the Candidate for the *Black House* completely *dammed*!

Briefly, these are my arguments against Belmont's action:

1. A forced nomination in July will result like the forced nominations last year in Connecticut, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, in a disastrous defeat and prolongation of the War.

2. The people's welfare and the country's safety overshadow the prestige of any one man; and some Napoleon or Pitt, in civil or military ranks, like Jackson, (elected without a Convention,) may turn up in August or July, that would carry the country by storm. Where, then, would be the nominations of Baltimore, Cleveland, and Chicago?

3. A mere party nomination will not win. *All must combine to break votes forced by bayonets and bought by paper.* Don't talk Peace party or War party, or Reconstruction, but attack Fanaticism.

4. Fremont should not be overshadowed, as he is doing good service in

picking up radicals, and a two-months campaign now is equal to six of other days.

What do you say?

Yours, truly,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

OFFICE OF "THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION," }
Washington June 21, 1864. }

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, Esq., Willard's Hotel:

My Dear Sir,—An explosion of Heaven's artillery at noon day, in a clear sky, could not have startled me more than the sudden and unexpected appearance of your letter of this morning. More than that, the interrogatories somewhat staggered me. Recognizing, however, their pertinence to the critical condition of political affairs, and conceding to you the privilege of asking me for any information which I may possess important to the conservative masses awakening all over the land, preparing for a terrible conflict with official shortcomings, "their souls in arms and eager for the fray," to hurl from power those who have so wickedly betrayed the people's confidence, I thus reply:

I am a party man—this you know. I am a Democrat in full communion with all the brethren. This fact I desire to especially impress upon you; I am not a secessionist. Never favored the act of secession or withdrawal of the States from the Union. Regard it fatally erroneous and quite unnecessary; especially unjust to myself, and men of my political type, who always stood up boldly, fearlessly, and unflinchingly in maintenance of the *equality* and constitutional rights of the States.

I am an earnest Union man, in the utmost significance of the phrase—a thorough and entire Constitutional Union man, in all its length and breadth.

Under the portico of the eastern front of the Capitol, at broad noon day, on the 4th day of March, "in the year of our Lord," 1861, I heard Abraham Lincoln publicly pronounce these thrilling and truthful words: "Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either side, you cease fighting, the identical old questions, as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you."

In his Sermon on the Mount, the Saviour of the world proclaimed that "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Do Abraham Lincoln and his constitutional advisers covet the blessing? Who does not? Then, men and brethren, begin the divinely favored and inspired work to bring peace to the land, that you may really be in heart and spirit children of "Our Father who is in heaven!"

I favor an immediate cessation of hostilities—an armistice for a year, if you please—to stop this cruel war, and, with it, the terrible waste of life and treasure going on. In the impressive language of a distinguished statesman, I would *at once* negotiate—use "brains against gun-barrels" that reason may overcome mere force—the surest approach to reconciliation and restored fraternity. War, as I now view it, is disunion, disruption, destruction—utter annihilation.

I am for peace as a certain, if not the only, pathway to the restoration of the Union. Yet, notwithstanding, to rebuke fanatics, to scatter fanaticism, to save the country, its cherished institutions, and to preserve constitutional liberty, I am for thorough, entire, complete union of political action in the approaching Presidential contest. Every element of conservative opposition to Lincoln ought to be united—*must* be united—in my judgment, to succeed. You so declare. I am earnestly with you in that opinion. No one, in his senses, honestly opposed to "Shoddy," can justly determine otherwise. This fact, to my mind, inalienable and inevitable, I continually urge in the columns of the "CONSTITUTIONAL UNION." It impresses the masses. It is popular. It is true. Its necessity is admitted. It is acceptable to the people, groaning under oppression and panting for redemption. This is proven: 1st, From voluminous correspondence daily reaching me, approving the suggestions and urging a general acquiescence in them. 2d, By continual and large accessions to the number of subscribers to the newspaper I publish, and its increased distribution throughout every quarter of the entire country.

Practical evidence is herein afforded of the necessity and propriety of Conservative Union. Union of the masses—union in the canvass—union in the opposition to the corruptionists—union in the Democratic Conservative Party "for the sake of the Union." Turn out Lincoln; you gain largely for the *Old Union* by that. It is the best plan to preserve the Union. Turn out Lincoln, by that act you maintain the "Constitution as it is"—the Constitution of our fathers. Turn out Lincoln, by that great act you restore the "Union as it was." Turn out Lincoln, the *white* man will then have a fair chance of once more enjoying Constitutional liberty; be free in his person from arbitrary arrests, unjust encroachments upon his individual rights, and his property protected from illegal seizure and spoliation.

You ask me, in your opening paragraph, questions I cannot answer. It is simply impossible to explain the purposes, motives, designs, or objects of persons with whom I have not had intimate official association or intercourse. I echo your generous sentiment, "God bless Douglass and keep his memory green." I knew him well, loved him affectionately, but differed with him *radically*, hence my fellowship with the other committee. No personal estrangement occurred on this account.

You ask me other questions which I can and will cheerfully answer. I will do so categorically. I am highly honored in being clothed with the official responsibilities and personal duties which attach to me as chairman of the National Democratic Committee. In view of the perilous condition of things political, viewed in a party sense, and from a party stand-point, I have felt it to be my duty to invite the gentlemen composing that Committee, to meet on Thursday, the 30th of June, instant, at 12 o'clock, (meridian) in the city of Washington, for the purpose of general consultation and the deliberate consideration of important business. I append a copy of the circular I have issued, as a foot-note to this letter. Our National Democratic Committee is intact; it is a living, vital, earnest, and truthful body of fearless men, sincerely devoted to the right, who have always maintained fixed and unchangeable principles of political faith and brotherhood. It has abdicated no iota of privilege, nor has it surrendered any tittle of its power.

To promote harmony and insure Union in the ranks of the Democratic party it acquiesced in action professedly having that object in view. We met, on terms of perfect and entire equality, with other gentlemen at the St.

Nicholas Hotel in the city of New York, on the 7th day of September last. Assuming no superiority, we admitted no inferiority; acknowledging equality, we conceded fraternity; "only this and nothing more." What occurred at the "St. Nicholas meeting" need not now be mentioned. The purpose was good; the action good; the result good. The end sought to be attained has, I fear, from the perverse or warped judgment of thoughtless persons, actors in the deliberations, been somewhat endangered, or compromised. I trust that it is even not yet too late to express a conviction and hope that all reasonable and sound-thinking men will insist that the purposes of the joint meeting of the two Democratic National Committees shall be recognized, endorsed, and fully established by an united Democracy! WAIT AND SEE!

I agree with you. My judgment is clear upon the subject. The Convention ought to be postponed—must be postponed—or, if it meets on the Fourth of July, the good sense of the delegates will prompt them to defer the nominations until September. I desire a short, sharp, and in God's merciful Providence, a successful contest. This can only be secured by postponement. The peace, prosperity, and preservation of the country is deeply involved in the issue. *The time will bring the man.*

Applicable to the crisis is the memorable declaration of Benton: "Union, Concession, Harmony: everything for the cause, nothing for men." How proper for remembrance at this eventful period. The conservative masses will appreciate the truthfulness and force of the glorious sentiment. Will they not? They must organize—organize at once—organize in cities, towns, boroughs, and townships: organize in school districts, precincts, election divisions, and wards; organize in the rural districts, in the villages, in the valleys, on the hill sides, and on the mountain tops. Organize thoroughly, efficiently, then unitedly "go in and win."

Truly your friend,

THOMAS B. FLORENCE


Another Richmond in the Field brought Belmont to his senses.

The Telegraph Dispatches which the Pit sent broadcast over the Waters alarmed the Democratic Chairman, and among the Letters the Pit received that morning, was one from Belmont Postponing the Convention.

This was the call that set the Douglass Bolters a thinking.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the members of the National Democratic Committee will be held in the city of Washington, on THURSDAY, the THIRTIETH of JUNE instant, at TWELVE O'CLOCK, M., for the purpose of general consultation and the deliberate consideration of important business.

 The prompt attendance of *all the members* is earnestly invited.

THOMAS B. FLORENCE, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM FLINN, } *Secretaries,*
F. A. AIKEN, }

And this is the notice the Pit forced from the Dress Circle :

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION POSTPONED.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Democratic Committee, held in New York on the 22d day of June, 1864, it was voted that, in deference to the desire of a very large number of the leading members of the Conservative Union Democratic party throughout the country, the meeting of the Democratic National Convention be postponed to Monday, August 29, 1864, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chicago.

AUGUST BELMONT, Chairman.

FREDERICK O. PIERCY, Secretary.

138½ MADISON AVENUE,
New York, June 25, 1864. }

Dear THOMAS B. FLORENCE, Esq.,

Chairman National Democratic Committee :

My double barrel brought both birds. The Chicago Convention goes over and the Peace Meeting is postponed. Besides, two Richmonds are in the field. Why not have two Committees, especially when one swears it will rule or ruin. Are there not two wings to an eagle? In this case one Committee represents the Aristocracy of Europe; the other the Democracy of America. We must vote for the Country this time, not men! If McClellan can win, all right; if not, we must wait; to-day he is strong; to-morrow a new man may arise. There is considerable fluttering among the wounded birds. Let the rotten apples fall—the tree is full of sound fruit. The *Herald* calls the postponement a Peace victory. On the contrary, Fernando Wood tried to head it off in his letter to Barlow, after assuring me, in the presence of Pendleton, Brooks, Long, and Cox, that he was anxious to postpone. To correct the *Herald's* statement, I send you list of the members of Congress who signed the paper to Belmont, which, you see, covers all shades of the party. Besides Voorhees of Indiana, Morrison of Illinois, Wadsworth of Kentucky, and a dozen more, endorsed the idea. It is all right now! The general howl from the Abolition ranks is the best evidence of the success of the postponement.

Yours, truly,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

[From the *Nebraska City News*, *Nebraska Territory*.]

George Francis Train on his New Mission—The Great Catholic Colonization Society of the Platte Valley.

This introducer of mail coaches into Australia, horse railroads into England, and French carriages into America—this Express Train round the world--tired of making books, tired of learning languages, tired of public

speaking, tired of ships and railway making, we learn has got a new mission, and from what we learn, it is the greatest work he has ever had in hand.

Having organized the prepaid passenger system in the old Boston and Liverpool packet firm of Train & Co., years ago, when Irishmen paid the passage of their friends—a plan endorsed by Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston—he intends applying the same idea on a broader scale to the establishing of a great Catholic colony in Nebraska, under the homestead law. Our space will not admit of details, but the ground-work of the plan is something of this base:

A Catholic Colonization Society on five hundred thousand acres of land in Nebraska.

The emigrant buys a prepaid passage ticket from any part of Ireland to Nebraska; attached to the ticket a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of land, and immediate employment on landing on the Pacific railway at the current wages at the time he lands. He therefore gets, in his passage ticket, immediate employment and a splendid farm.

This idea naturally will meet with the approbation of the Catholic clergy, and it will be a new feature in commerce to see a great commercial plan, endorsed by the Pope, extended throughout the enormous comination of the Catholic Church.—*Washington Constitutional Union*.

[*From the Nebraskian, Omaha, N. T., July 8, 1864.*]

Invitation to Geo. Francis Train, from the Delegates to the Constitutional Convention, to address them on his great Emigration Scheme.

COUNCIL CHAMBER,
Omaha, N. T., July 4th, '64. }

HON. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN:

Sir,—Having learned from Eastern papers, that you were engaged in forming a Catholic colony, to be located in the Platte Valley, and taking great interest in the project, we, the delegates of the Constitutional Convention of Nebraska, therefore, respectfully request, if not inconsistent with pressing engagements, that you address our people upon the aforesaid subject on Tuesday night, the 5th inst., at the Court House. An early answer will be expected.

We have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obd't serv'ts,

A. H. JACKSON,
L. DAVIS,

C. O'CONNOR,
S. P. MAJORS,

And others.

Gentlemen,—All hail our glorious Fourth! *Hallowed be the past, and though dark the present, the future looks bright to me. Our National Independence will again be celebrated on the restoration of prosperity and peace. In '53 in Anstralia, '57 in Liverpool, '58 in London, and '59 in Paris, I introduced the custom of bringing the Americans together at a public banquet to

celebrate the day the nation was born. While I say yes to your request to speak on the great enterprise I have in hand of establishing a great Catholic colony in Nebraska, I want you to say yes to mine, which is, that you lunch with me at the Herndon House to-day, bringing with you, each and all, a five minute speech in honor of the Fourth.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

To the Delegates of the Constitutional Convention in Council assembled.

Having got the convention postponed against a combined opposition of politicians who place man above country, the Pit started for Nebraska, and arrived in time to see it made a democratic Territory instead of an abolition State. The Pit takes credit for stopping three electoral votes for the great Mis-ceg-e-na-tor. Nebraska appoints him delegate to Chicago, and invites him to represent the Territory in Congress. The Pit has not decided. The Invincibles of Chicago wanted Pit to speak. Storey, of Chicago Times, the friend of the Pit, gave a brief notice. The Dress Circle are afraid of the Pit. The Pit declined to speak at three hours' notice, and left for Buffalo. The Pit will, however, speak the night before the Convention, at Bryan Hall, which is engaged especially for **THE IMPEACHMENT OF ABRAM LINCOLN**. Saturday, August 27. The Invincibles will please not attend. The Pit wants no lukewarm friends. He runs his own machine. That night three thousand Fenians waited an hour at the Court-House. But the Pit was at Buffalo, and this is what he did there.

[*From the Courier and Republic, Buffalo, July 5, 1864.*]

MR. TRAIN'S LECTURE.—Mr. George Francis Train's lecture, or talk, at the James Hall last evening, was a great success. The hall was crowded with an audience composed, we should judge, about equally of conservative and abolition elements, and including a number of ladies. The subject announced. The Condition of the Country, was treated by the speaker in such a varied manner and with such an amount of illustration, ranging all the way "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," that it is almost impossible for us, in our brief space, to give any idea of the entertainment furnished. Mr. Train begun by some remarks personal to himself, and explained how he had come to identify himself with the West as a Nebraskian, from which territory he has been elected as a delegate to the Chicago Convention. He spoke glowingly of the West and its prospects, and proceeded rapidly to review his experience and observations in other countries. He had been abused in

England, knocked down in Boston; and threatened with assassination and arbitrarily arrested in Missouri—when it was considered a military necessity that he should not trench upon Gen. Curtis' speculations in cotton—simply because he had everywhere boldly maintained the cause of the Union. He had formerly defended Lincoln, and even in a Wood peace meeting in New York where Old Abe was likened to a donkey in a china shop, had stood up in vindication of donkeys. But Lincoln had deceived him. Under the specious garb of "honesty" the President has nearly ruined the country. At this point Mr. Train was interrupted by vigorous hissing on the part of his abolition hearers, which again and again was drowned in tremendous applause, but was still repeated. The exigency brought out the resources of the orator in overwhelming style. He wanted to know if Fremont, Phillips, &c., &c., are allowed to abuse Lincoln, why he should not be allowed to express his opinions. He invited any one to take the platform with him and debate like a man, rather than slink behind ladies and hiss like an adder. A few clever strokes of this kind, and Mr. Train was again master of his audience. It did not escape from his hand. Returning to his subject, he declared his belief that Lincoln, if re-elected, intends to recognize the Southern Confederacy. In support of this, he showed what infamies have already been perpetrated under the plea of military necessity, and how the abandonment of the Union would follow as the climax of abolition crimes. The speaker acknowledged himself a "copperhead," and took the liberty of explaining what the term signifies. The "copperhead" platform he had seen briefly summed up in a paper of this city (the *Courier*,) as follows: "NATIONAL INTEGRITY; CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY; INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS:—There were to be but two parties now, Copperheads, and Miscegenators. The latter comprises all the disunion, negro, and shoddy elements of the country. Mr. Train declared he was going to cast the first vote of his life against Lincoln. He would do so because Lincoln had always systematically done what he said he would not do. Moreover he is a weak man. Would we of New York, said Mr. Train, ever have thought of engaging the lawyer of Sangamon to plead a great and important law case? The speaker next proceeded to speak of the signs which presage Lincoln's political doom. The Pomeroy circular, which was written in his (Train's) Magic Ring, was Breakwater No. 1. The Fremont movement was No. 2. Abolition and the secession he claimed, were hurrying to the same grave. They are links of same sausage made out of the same dog. Notwithstanding his high respect for Mr. Lincoln, the speaker was willing, if the raiders insisted upon it, to sacrifice him for the sake of the country. The people, Mr. Train urged, are going to have a say in the next election. They are apathetic, but in their apathy there is a coiled spring of latent power. The orator next spoke in terms of scathing severity, of Lincoln's joking propensities, and compared him to Mephistopheles in the play, the sound of whose laughter is heard above a chorus of human misery. How the rail-splitter had managed to split the Union and tear into shreds the Constitution was also shown. Speaking of the New York newspaper suppression, *Mr. Train complimented Gen. Dix, and remarked, that if the General had but the usual courage to side openly and decidedly with the civil law, against such Military Despotism, the people would make him President.* Respecting the working of the abolition schemes of philanthropy as these affect the negro, the speaker was bitterly severe. What wrong, he asked, have the Southern slaves

ever done to the abolitionists, that they should be subjected to such cruelties as are at present destroying the race by thousands? Mr. Train went on to give some of the planks of his platform. He would have the people and not the politicians rule the country. The name of the nation should be America, and the spirit of American nationality should be cherished above all else. Free trade and no toadying to England were also essentials. The views of the speaker on the gold and currency question were next given. *He scouted the idea of the government plying its interest in gold, and was in favor of utterly destroying the national credit abroad, so as to shut off foreign importation.* Mr. Train closed his most entertaining and brilliant talk by taking an unanimous vote of the house for the Union, and leading off in three cheers for it, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws. Throughout the whole address he was continually followed with enthusiastic applause, and, altogether, he may well felicitate himself on the reception with which he has been met in Buffalo. His success is the more gratifying to himself as he came under nobody's auspices and on nobody's responsibility but his own.

The Pit, the next day, Saturday, started for Niagara Falls to meet the Richmond Peace Delegates. Colorado was on tiptoe waiting for Greeley at the Cataract. George Sanders met me at the Clifton, and at once telegraphed Beverly Tucker to have dinner at Saint Catherine's at Three.

That Dinner has a mark in history, for there and then the Trap was set for Old Abe. Fremont was the cheese. Greeley smelt of it, and pronounced it good. Seward, having plans of his own, said good, and told Abe to go in. Abe was obedient. The Trap springs. His fingers are still in. The nation roars with delight, and admit that Tucker, Sanders, and the Pit have done the State some service. That Niagara trip was important, and will be long remembered by the Party of Six who enjoyed once again the Hospitality of the South.

PERHAPS ON THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER THE ENTIRE ELECTORAL VOTE OF THE SOUTH WILL BE THROWN FOR THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

The Pit then started for Saratoga. See what he said.

Down with the Politicians and up with the People!—The Chicago Pit after the Baltimore Dress Circle—The Fires are Burning—Look out for the Earthquake in November.

[Special Correspondence of the New York Express.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 20, 1846. }

Did you ever see the ice break up in the Mississippi? It is the majesty of

nature. A loud crack! 'Tis the voice of the People. Off goes one huge cake. Fremont leads the van with a host of satellites. Then another piece sails away. 'Tis Chase and those attached to his fortunes. Another crack like thunder. The Pit forced the Dress Circle to postpone the Chicago Convention! and now the snow melts on the mountains—yet all is apathy. Look again! See the rising of the river! At the bottom of the great Gulf and the stormy Atlantic the shoddy *debris* will settle in November.

Vox Populi, Vox Dei. Three cheers for Vox. The Pit sends me here to watch the Dress Circle. There are pirates in the camp. The Grand Council, however, is well informed. You shall know our movements. The Express trims. It has individuality, and for a motto three P P Ps, Patience, Perseverance, and Pluck. The Pit will keep you posted. Our motto in November is taken from a Sermon on the Mount by Tom Benton. Peace, Compromise, Harmony. Everything for country. Nothing for men. There is no more chance for the election of Mephistopheles than the resurrection of Martin Luther. Conceived in sin, born in iniquity, he will disappear in infamy. A Scotch cap and plaid cloak is no disguise to an indignant people. The point of the letter comes now. The Grand Council have decided that martial law in the State means a minority for Baltimore; hence military interference to save the electoral vote. Kentucky—God bless her—hold your Horses—you are safe. The Pit has already counted your vote. Don't be discouraged. Wherever the military interfere, the Council have decided to count the vote without the trouble of contesting it.* The Administration will soon declare martial law in Missouri—go ahead. We claim the vote and shall fight for it. They will also do the same in Maryland. All right. Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri the Pit claims, and the friends of the Pit will take no action to vote through bayonets. The only votes cast in these States will be military votes. Civilians know the regulations of the Grand Council. The Pit dined a day or two since with Beverly Tucker and George Saunders, just from Richmond, and the Pit knows more of what is going to happen than is written in this letter.

May God have mercy on the Union.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

* This idea came from Richmond.

Down with Shoddy and up with the Good old times—Baltimore Stock Falling—Chicago going up—White House Advised to take Congress Water for a few days.

[*Special Correspondence of the New York Express.*]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 21, 1864. }

Yet Forty Days and Ninevah shall be destroyed! Hurrah for Jonah! If he was alive to-day, you would find him at Fort Lafayette. The Key of the Bastille is still shown at Mount Vernon. How the times have changed. The Bourbons learnt nothing and forgot nothing. They still live. The Jacobins are eating up the Girondists. Twenty-two were guillotined in a day. That

was in October, ninety-three. Madam Roland said, Oh! Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name. The Blacks are fighting to-day. The Whites will open at Chicago.

Yet Forty Days and Ninevah shall be Destroyed. Third Chapter, Forty-First.

Oh, the Drouth! see how parched the ground. The crops, like sickly children, droop, and are nearly dead. Trial by Jury is scorched. How dry the atmosphere. Where is Habeas Corpus and Magna Charta? No rain has fallen for many years, but a shower of blood.

*Blood! Blood! Blood! cries the sanguinary Times,
Oh, God, that villains should grow rich upon their crimes.*

When will it rain Prosperity and Peace? The farmers are all crying Oh Lord, how long! Oh, how the dust is thrown into our eyes as we go to the Lake. Do you see that black cloud over Saratoga? Indignation is gathering up vengeance. Did you see that crack in the sky? That is chain lightning. God save the People. Did you hear that thunder clap? The Pit is cheering at Chicago! Allah! il Allah! How the rain comes down. God be praised, the crops are saved. A change is coming in the nation. *Down with military despotism and up with civil liberty.*

The woods are on fire between Saratoga and the Lake. Fire is a terrible agent. But new buildings go up afterwards—new trees—new grasses—new life. In November, the fire will reach the White House. White House, did I say? Black House—now, it is not the white man's house. *Yet Forty Days and Ninevah shall be destroyed!*

Here comes a great fact—the point of letter number Two.*

Twenty thousand White Braves are dying in Southern prisons. They are Northern officers and Northern soldiers.

Twenty thousand Southerners are in the Northern Bastiles. Why are they not exchanged? Tell it not in Gath. It is because Shoddy swears that the Equality of Races shall be the Law. White and Black alike. A Negro is better than the White man. The South hesitates. The North is decided. So let the White man die, that the Negro may live.

Yet Forty Days (Aug. 29) and Ninevah shall be destroyed.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

* This idea also came from Richmond.

**Down with the Mis-ceg-e-na-tors and up with the Copperheads—
The People Cry for Peace, the Politicians are for War—Where
is the Gloria in Excelsis?**

[Special Correspondence N. Y. Express.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL, }
Saratoga Springs, July 22, '64. }

Open sesame!

The cataract of letters from the Falls explains why my mouth was closed. More startling developments are behind. Exposures will be shortly made

that will make the President's crown uneasy. Some tyrants are strong; others weak. But all such are tyrants. Seward is working like a rat under the bed of Father Abraham. He thinks Chicago will nominate him when that *secret correspondence* is exhumed. Too late, Mr. Seward. Your Irrepressible Conflict made the war; your Bleeding Kansas threw on the brush; your Helper book added fuel to the fire. Anti-Rent, Anti-Mason, Anti-Slavery, and Anti-Union. How is your *Aunt* now, Mr. Secretary?

That business was overdone when you spirited away the Cuban. England shook to its base when Napoleon demanded Bernard, and little Switzerland rose with Republican majesty when Philip of Orleans demanded Napoleon.

The war is nearly over. Honesty is not only the best policy, but the only policy for an honest man. Do you wish to commit crime—start a good name. Do you want another wife? Be defender of the Faith, like the Eighth Harry, and the world will be proud of your photograph. Do you wish to murder, rob, and destroy? Steal the Divine right of kings. Do your care to revel in licentiousness, and break up households? put Christianity on your helmet. Is it your object to assassinate civil liberty, murder constitutions, and strangle national life? be called Honest and Old. He says slavery demoralizes. Born in one slave State, and raised in another, he must on that basis have been corrupted before he went to Illinois. His profession would finish his education. The backwoods lawyer takes a fee from a murderer, a burglar, or a thief. The fee taken, he then proceeds to work out his innocence, and if successful, is praised for letting the convict go at large upon society. Our honest President spent his life thus, and necessarily must have been corrupted and demoralized before Judd worked the oracle to swindle Seward out of the succession.

The magic of success galvanizes Rebels into Patriots, Speculation into Enterprise, and Impudence into Genius, and under its magic influence Ignorance sometimes passes for Knowledge, and Vice is often mistaken for Virtue.

Once upon a time I was arrested by a military sub; a man big with military power. Afterwards I spoke and admitted the Divine right of Kings, in order to acknowledge the Divine right of the President to destroy Trial by Jury, Habeas Corpus, National Liberty, and Constitutional Rights. But aiming at a distinguished Major-General, I continued: "Obey the President, yes. But where is it mentioned in the Declaration of Independence or the American Constitution, that we should kiss his man servant or his maid servant—his ox or his (loud and continued laughter) his ox or his cattle, or anything that is his. [Sensation.] Once a splitter, always a splitter. He split rails. He split North and South into pieces. Then he went to work and split the North. He split Civil Liberty with Military Despotism. He split the Constitution from end to end. He split the Right of Asylum in halves, and now, thank God, he is splitting his Disunion Party into a thousand pieces. He will find the ticket that he will poll in November will be a split ticket, and the wind will blow and the rain descend and beat upon that House, and it will fall, for it is built upon a graveyard of Shoddy.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

**Down with the Mis-ceg-e-nators and Up with the Copperheads—
Copperhead means White man on the Brain—Mis-ceg-e-nator
means Nigger on the Brain—Two Parties in November—Party
of Patriots and Party of Traitors—Copperhead means Union—
Mis-ceg-e-nator means Dis-Union.**

[Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL, }
Saratoga Springs, July 23, 1864. }

Abalom rode two horses and fell. David rent his garments to show his great concern. Abraham rides two horses and keeps his seat. He admits that he is Blondin.

Abraham's horses were well trained. They sit down when they come to a Band of Music. Have you seen Barnum's Happy Family? Seven animals in a cage. How they love each other. Abraham copied Barnum and put all the Presidential candidates in the Cabinet. What a Happy family. No two have spoken to each other for three years. Cabinet meetings are not held. Abraham talks with each alone and then consults Seward, and both laugh. Chase and Seward were the two horses. The States are Territories, says Chase. No, they are still States, says Seward. Issue proclamation, says one. Don't, says the other. Put out Fremont. Balance again. Put out McClellan. Confiscate at once. Postpone, says the other. Slavery is dead, said Chase. It is not, said Seward; and so on to the end of the chapter. The Pit knows which is Blucher and which is Wellington. *We pay three millions a day, three thousand dollars a minute*, and take our choice. Verily, in the midst of life we are in debt! Abraham has sold our people for less than a mess of potash! But the day of reckoning is at hand. Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, says the Pit. One horse has balked. Abraham is riding on Seward now. T. W. is the groom. When they come to the last ditch Seward will stop, and then, in the language of the Hard-shell Baptist, Farewell Brother Tompkins! [Laughter.] Consistency is a jewel. Jewels are rare.

As Jacob cheated Isaac by putting on goat-skin gloves, so Abraham tried to disguise his plans and cheat Abolition about Slavery. Wendell Phillips smelt the old rat, and the old rat smelt him. When rat meets rat then comes the disruption of parties. All Abraham's acts were to re-elect himself by restoring the Union with Slavery.

Read Chicago Platform, Slavery intact; read Inaugural, slavery not to be touched; read Annual Message, emancipation postponed till 1900; read Proclamation of 22d September, '62, South allowed to come back before January with *Slavery*; read Seward's dispatches to Adams and Dayton, Slavery as strong as ever; States were still States. Read Hunter, Phillip, Fremont. Abraham Lincoln discharged them because they dared to touch Slavery. Confiscation Act worded to aid Slavery. Negroes bought in District of Columbia, so as to settle the question by a national law. That slaves were property. He appointed Military Governors in order to protect Slavery. Banks went to New Orleans to save it. The One Tenth Proclamation guarantees Slavery. The Abolitionists discovered the trick, and Fremont already counts one million of votes. Abraham sees his mistake in

being Dis-honest, so addresses WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. *We can have Peace only by abolishing Slavery.* Thus proving his intention to swindle everybody. Sanders set the trap, and Seward told Abe to step in, and the nation is shouting with laughter.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Down with the Congress Water and Overboard with the Bawdy Stories—Abraham should visit Saratoga to purify the system—The Black House is full of Bile—The White House will be Cleansed in November—The Pit Preaches to the Dress Circle a Shoddy Sermon.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

UNITED STATES HOTEL, }
Saratoga Springs, Sunday, July 24, 1861. }

And he played upon a Shoddy Harp of a Thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect.

And it came to pass in the Days of McClellan, THE GENERAL; Butler, THE BEAST; Banks, THE RETREATER; Sigel, THE RUNAWAY; Grant, THE BUTCHER; Wood, THE MAYOR; Seymour, THE GOVERNOR; Seward, THE FOX; Chase, THE DISGUSTED; and Abraham, THE RETAILER OF OBSCENE JOKES; that the Pit visited Saratoga; and, when the Seventh Day came, the Dress Circle sent in petitions to Preach, and lo! the Pit was not afraid, and in the presence of Wealth and Beauty, Lovely Women and Brave Men, the Pit Minister spoke something like this:

The moment the Donkey entered into conversation with his master, Baalam was disgusted and ever after rode a horse.

For he played on a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect.

What ye shall eat is Shoddy. What ye shall drink is Shoddy; and where-withall ye shall be clothed is Shoddy. Society is organized hypocrisy. Crime is not in the act, but in getting found out. Hence, there is more joy over one just person than ninety-nine sinners who are always repenting. Virtue meeteth with its reward. The Pit has been virtuous from its youth upward and daily thanks its maker that it is not like other men. [Signs of surprise.]

For he played on a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect.

Lo! this is the age of Shoddy; men make Shoddy fortunes, build Shoddy stables for Shoddy tandems, marry Shoddy wives, and unto them are born Shoddy children. On, Shoddy, on! Charge (four dollars a day) Shoddy, charge, were the last words of the shoddy Marmion! *E Pluribus Shoddyum*, is on the national drum instead of the old maker.

Fowler was a priest, Floyd a disciple, Buchanan a saint, compared to the Aminadab Sleeks that live in the age of Shoddy. Cease irritating the hair of the Shoddy horse against the bowels of the Shoddy cat. Ten glasses of

Congress Water would have no effect upon Father Abraham. [Laughter from Fremonters.]

For he playeth on a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect. All who believe in the leopard changing his spots and the Ethiopian his smell, are not in the council of Shoddy. Shoddy intends to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, and Ignorance, Intolerance, Bigotry and Evil Passions met at Baltimore to arrange it,—about four hundred men, all who were in debt, and heavily laden, and interested in the reign of Shoddy, (see Samuel) met at the request of Father Abraham, who got Morton McMichael, for seventeen hundred dollars, to row the Union League of Philadelphia, seventeen men, over to the Baltimore party, and leave Chase upon the Banks.

For he playeth on a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect. All lovers of white men are ignored by Shoddy. All who preach from the Mountain Sermon: Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God, are not of the house of Shoddy. Glory to God in the highest, peace and good will to men, is not in the Litany of Shoddy. (Applause from the Copperheads.) Shoddy permeates the nation. All the great Sanitary Fairs are in the hands of Shoddy. Already circulars are sent advocating the election of the Shoddy candidate in Sanitary Fair envelopes. Again the Dress Circle has sold the Pit. The great Fairs were got up by the disciples of Shoddy for political purposes. The poor soldier finds his unknown grave, and the good things of the Commission don't always reach the camp. (Dissent)

For he playeth on a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect.

Copperhead and Christian as I am, duty compels me to show up these Shoddy Sanitary Fairs. The press is being subsidized by Sanitary money. The untold millions will operate in November. Shoddy committees arrange with Shoddy clergymen to preach Nigger in the Pulpit, and Shoddy Bibles are bought for Shoddy Churches. Poor miserable sinners, who love Flag, Country, Constitution, and Union, are not invited at the Shoddy Banquet. Shoddy for breakfast, Shoddy for dinner, Shoddy for tea. Shoddy in the beginning and Shoddy in the end.

[Here the celebrated speaker repeated, with thrilling effect, the great Shoddy Poem.]

“The shades of Night were falling fast
As through a Shoddy village vast
A Nig who bore midst snow and ice
A Banner with that strange device—
S-h-o-d-d-y !”

For he played upon a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect.

Such are the profits of Shoddy. The Pit is afraid that Abraham, and Horace, and William, and Wendell intend to open the slave trade in such ships as the *Great Eastern*. (Sensation.)

Saratoga is gay. There are five hundred thousand orphans in the land. Oh, how the ladies dress, and dance and flirt. There are one hundred thousand widows in America. Hurrah for the dance. Let joy be unconfined. Adam fell, and the Pilgrims landed, said Howell Cobb. Hence war. Give us another polka. *Fifteen hundred Braves are at Olustee for three electoral*

votes. (Sensation) A redowa, a waltz, a quadrille. *Vive la danse.* How gay! All is sunshine. There was a sound of revelry by night. The Constitution has been torn into threads over the graves of thousands. One murder makes a villain—millions a hero; for of such is the kingdom of Shoddy. See the arms off—the legs. A hecatomb of white men—a swath mowed through brothers, fathers, lovers, sons, to let the happy bondman pass through to be an exile, a pauper on the State. (Dissent and applause.) *For he playeth on a Shoddy harp of a thousand Shoddy Strings, the Spirit of the Shoddy just made perfect.*

The sermon was finished; the eloquent preacher left the balcony; the fashionable audience retreated to the gunboats, all pleased—for all knew that the clergyman did not refer to them.—The company was distinguished. There was Brown, the great banker; Col. Hamilton, whose father wrote the farewell address; Col. Monroe, whose uncle gave us the Monroe doctrine, and Cox was there, the live Ohio Democrat, who, they say, is to be Chairman at Chicago, and lo! there was George Francis Train, the Tribune of the People. The Rienzi of the Pit. That gentlemanly young man standing beside Townsend Harris and Paul Forbes, is Bob-O-Linkum, the President's son. Interruptions were frequent. We give but a faint outline of the great discourse. The allusion to Christian Copperheads serving the Union by restoring the Constitution, produced a loud amen. We looked and saw Horatio Seymour and Fernando Wood explaining to a dozen Democratic Judges the extraordinary incidents in the life of the celebrated preacher. When we cut too deep into Father Abraham, distinct groans were heard, and lo! there were the lion and the lamb lying together. Thurlow Weed was explaining to Mayor Opdyke and David Dudley Field the great mission the preacher had to do, and the good he was accomplishing in opening the eyes of the People.

When the preacher finished, a well known face was seen speaking with him; we inquired, and found that it was George Augustus Sala, the live writer, asking for a copy of the wonderful sermon for publication in the London *Telegraph*, the great organ of the English people.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Down with the Lilliputians and up with the Gullivers—The Pit gives the Chiefs an Audience—Saratoga Mecca of the Political Pilgrim—The Dress Circle continues to consult the Pit.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, UNITED STATES HOTEL, }
 July 27th, 1864. }

The Almighty, for some wise purpose, has cursed the country in these days with an enormous influx of little men in high places. Great men, like high mountains, only appear at intervals. The Patriarchs of the Forest Trees are gone.

LO CAROLINA mourns its steadfast Pine,
Which like a mainmast towered above the Realm,
And ASHLAND hears no more its voice Divine
From out the branches of its Forest Elm.

Then look at Massachusetts!

Now Marshfield's Giant Oak, whose stormy brow,
Oft turned the Ocean's tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long, and now,
Our startled Eagle knows not where to rest.

Our national disease to-day is Shoddy on the Treasury, Politician on the State, and Nigger on the Brain.

The country commenced with giants, and is ending with pigmies. Washington begat Adams, Adams begat Jefferson, Jefferson begat Madison, Madison begat Monroe, Monroe begat Adams, Jr., and Adams begat Jackson, and here endeth the first lesson. This stopped the two-term Presidents, and the Democratic party found its being. *Jackson was an Irishman.* Hence thousands believe, when they die, they will go to General Jackson. *The Union must and shall be preserved.* Then came a race of smaller men—Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, ending with ———

Jefferson used to ask the aspirant for office: Is he honest? Is he capable? Can he fill the station? Abraham asks: Is he a Union Leaguer? Is he inside our party? Can he manage a caucus? How many votes can he control in his Legislature? Hence, Abraham selects a West Point General to be a judge of mules and horses. Gives a Naval Chief orders to select tents and arrange for beef and pork. Picks out a fossil to manage the Navy, a country lawyer for Finance, and places armies in the hands of Old Bailey Politicians.

The Pit gave audience, yesterday, to two distinguished chiefs of the Dress Circle—Horatio Seymour, the Governor, and Fernando Wood, the Mayor. Two rivals for Governor, for Senator, or for President. Their election, however, to either place, depends upon the Pit. Seymour played Wood out at Albany, and Wood will play Seymour out at Chicago.

The world is made up of two classes, Positive and Negative. Davis is positive. Lincoln is Negative. Wood is Positive. Seymour is Negative. Harrison, Polk, and Pierce were Negative. Hence became Presidents. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster were Positive. Hence never reached White House.

The boat, floating down the stream, goes rapidly. Negative.

The boat sculling up the stream inch by inch, however, attracts the multitude. Positive.

The world cheers Positive men. Negative men are safest. They create less jealousy. They make fewer enemies. The boat drifts easily.

WHAT THE CHIEFS SAID.

Wood—First, beat Abraham. Second, Union at Chicago. Third, Peace without Platform. Candidates, Frank Pierce and Millard Fillmore. So the Positive Chief names negative men! Two years ago come December, Wood had same power to negotiate as Sanders, Holcombe, Clay. This is fifth advance of South to peace—each time insulted. First, Commissioners refused before Sumter. Second, Military to Scott. Then Stephens to Lincoln. Then Wood, now Sanders. The Pit thought Wood was with Lincoln. Possibly arranged privately with Honesty Abe to be his Secretary of State next

term Look out for breakers. Reason—He was closeted with Lincoln twenty hours after great peace meeting, when all looked for his arrest. Again, Mrs. Lincoln's bouquet to Mr. Wood. Anybody who denies the bouquet story lies. I know it to be true. Again, Wood asked Pit difference between Lincoln and *War Democrat*. The Pit was silent. Since Convention in Verandah, Pit thinks more of Wood. He is smart; he has power; he is mesmeric; he puts Pierce and Fillmore out as Dummies; he expects nomination himself; he once advised Seymour. Seymour hesitated and lost Chicago.

SEYMOUR—Wants Union, wants Order. Believes in Chicago. Thorough Union and full of Constitution. He names nobody, considers himself by his position head of Democracy, says New York Riots changed war from Persons to Property. *Three Hundred Dollars or your life*, said Vallandigham. The Bounty system put burden on Capital instead of labor, Bill for State, County, City Bounties he approved—he signed. Hence he is Father of only Confiscation Bill that reaches Capital, Lincoln overrode the Constitution, the States, and seized the Body. Seymour said stop—here is my purse instead. Says our Country has been Bunker Hilled and Pocahontased to Death, and he is right. By and by the Pit will show up New England.

The Pit knows Seymour and likes him; but he is not Positive. His record is good. He is scholastic, but very nervous. When mob was creating Anarchy the Pit told Seymour to assume entire responsibility of Postponing Draft, or New York would be destroyed. He did so, and the city was saved.

Could every man's internal care, be written on his brow,
How many would our Pit share, that raise our envy now?

The Pit invited Wool, Judge Nelson, and some other good Copperheads to meet George Augustus Sala, over Trout and Woodcock, yesterday, at the hotel. Seymour did not come. He is not Positive enough for the Pit, hence will be late at Chicago. The Pit is very exacting. G. N. S. and T. B. have telegraphed Pit to come to Niagara. Perhaps. In the spring we go to the Falls; in the fall to the Springs. It rained Monday, of course. It has for forty-five years rained every twenty-fifth of July.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

**Down with the Fanatics of War and up with the Angels of Peace—
A Wall of Human Skulls Built About the White House—Banquo's
Ghost will not Down—Don Giovanni Shares hands with the Com-
mandant.**

[*Special Correspondence of the New York Express*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. HOTEL, }
July 28, 1864. }

A soldier is a live target put up by one nation for another to shoot at. There is no heroism in this war. We must build no monuments on either

side. Armless men and wooden legs and scarred faces will be a sufficient reminder of *The Great War of the Fanatics*. Abolition and Secession were two links of the same sausage made out of the same political dog; a struggle for power. When the Yankee finished examining the flesh and muscles and ligaments of the Siamese twins, he wisely remarked, *I reckon them fellows are Brothers!* Once a fierce Fanatic sung out while the Pit was addressing a crowded house. You pitch into Abolitionists, why not hit the Rebels. Reference was made to English speeches in reply. Who fired the first gun continued the Fanatic—his mind on Sumter. The Pit promptly replied: John Brown (dissent), and with eighteen men he captured Virginia, and held it for twenty-four hours, which is more than our entire army have been able to do since. [Laughter.] McClellan at West Point put it all on the South. *I say the North made the war.* Exeter Hall sent George Thompson to Boston thirty years ago, with instructions to get hold of the New England clergymen. The clergymen would get hold of the women, and the women would educate the children, so that in a quarter of a century an Abolition party would be organized large enough to break up an empire. This done, New England college bestows upon the assassin a high degree! The age of Mis-ceg-e-nators is passing away. The age of Copperheads is near at hand. When it rained, dry leaves fell in the street, on the side walk, on the steps, on the verandah. They represented Mis-ceg-e-nators. Look upon the trees, see the millions of green leaves; they are copperheads. *Grub on little worms, grub on, there is sunshine in the sky.*

It was not a copperhead that seduced Eve in the Garden. It was a black snake.

War, writes Channing, is a great moral evil. The field of battle is a theatre got up at immense cost for the exhibition of crime on a grand scale. Brother hews down brother. The countenance flashes rage, and thousands are sent unprepared in the awful moment of crime to meet their Maker.

Thou shalt not bear false witness. Read Father Abraham. The Bastiles are full of our people. Read again Father Abraham. *Thou shalt not steal.* Will he deny that his law partner Sweat arranged with Stanton and Halleck to swindle Barron Forbes & Co., of Mexico, out of the Almada silver mine? Read once more, Father Abraham. *Thou shalt do no murder.* There is a pyramid of skeletons about your palace. How can you sleep? Don Giovanni shook hands with the commandant, but the devils got him at last. Do you recognize the handwriting on the wall? *Mene! Mene! Tekel! Uphar-sin!* The Daniel has come to judgment.

Early in the morning. Before daybreak it is darkest. Wait. Do you see that glimmer? Look. A streak of light. Another. Once more. Turn your eyes to Chicago. *Remember, the war is to abolish Slavery.*

Day dawns; the vapors round the mountain curled
Burst into morn, and light awakes the world.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Down with Baltimore and up with Chicago—The Pit maketh Wise Discourse on Doings of Dress Circle—The Gunboats, oh! The Gunboats and what Henry J. Raymond did therein.—The National Republican Committee Drinking Congress Water and how it affects them.

[*Special correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. HOTEL, }
July 30, 1864. }

Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die. The Miscegenating National Committee came, saw, but didn't conquer anything. They formed themselves into a Committee of the Whole to visit the Gunboats, and spent most of their time there. It was a strange sight to see, early in the morning, after visiting the spring, these deluded amalgamationists walking hand in hand, all in a row, headed by Raymond, through the grounds of our hotel to the famous Gunboats which attract so much attention. The cannonading was terrific. But, like Lincoln's favorite story about Pope's dispatch, it did not amount to anything. (See Archives War Department.)

No pent up Utica contracts their powers,
While Congress Water dispenses its genial showers.

Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die. Poor mis-ceg-e-na-tors! Poor Raymond! He is a brilliant writer—a ready debater—an eloquent speaker—and he is smart enough to see that his chances of being a minister to France are growing weaker and weaker. Raymond, ex-Governor, active editor, but unsuccessful politician, you made a great mistake in not acting on the advice the Pit gave you at Willard's Hotel. You are too good a fellow to be with such a bad lot.

Your Union League is composed of the Lame, Halt, Blind, Lumbago, Gout, Delirium Tremens, and *Dick Busted*. Based on Puritanism, is engrafted on its branches Mesmer-ism, Mormon-ism, Method-ism, Federal-ism, Abolition-ism, Secession-ism, Neal Dow-ism, Exeter Hall-ism, Toady-ism, Know-Nothing-ism, Unitarian-ism, Radical-ism, Democrat-ism, Athe-ism, Social-ism, Freeloze-ism, and Horace Greeley!

It has leaked out that the two Elders who were so intently looking at Susannah in the bath, were William Lloyd Garrison and Henry Ward Beecher. The nasty old things. These double-deck, white cravat Disciples are all rats.

Sambo, did you say I stole chickens? No, I only said if I was a chicken, and it was dark, and you was round there about that time, that I should roost high, that's all.

There are several of these old rats at Saratoga in the Mis-ceg-e-na-ting party. Instead of robbing hen-roosts, they feed on the Treasury. The famous Union party is made up of Shoddy and nigger-ism, sanitary fairs, blackguard-ism, Bible classes, steamboat *Cataline*, Albany *Evening Journal*, Japanese gunboats, and *Thurloze Weed*. No more corrupt man lives than T. W. He has bought, sold, and ruined more men than any man in the State. He is a nice person to criticise Opdyke. He is a good sample of *wisdom gone to seed*.

Its members are obliged to sign a paper to keep them loyal. Like a temperance pledge, they ought to sign whenever they came near a brandy bottle. They own themselves to be miserable sinners. *Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die.* A great Union meeting is manufactured of long-haired men and short haired women, and men who part *their* hair in the middle, commencing with old Dickenson, and ending with the Hutchinson family. *We are a band of brothers.* Then three cheers for Lincoln, a song by John Brown, a few remarks by a freedman, another song by a nigger sister, and a neat and appropriate speech by JAMES T. BRADY.

Statement.—In six weeks Seward will hold a diplomatic pistol at Old Abe's head, and, reminding him of that signed paper at Chicago, in 1860, tell him to resign in his (Seward's) favor, or he will expose the treason, robbery, villainy, and damnable rascality that has been carried on under the facial cognomen of Honest Abe Lincoln. Raymond has gone on to Washington, disgusted, the committee having adjourned after another rapid visit to the gunboat, and the nomination of an *Inspector of the State Prison*. *Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die.*

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Fit Continues to Confound the Dress Circle—Intense Excitement Created by the Shoddy Sermon—Indignation Meetings Held by the Mis-ceg-e-na-tors to Expel the Pit from the Dress Circle—The Pit Cautioned About Following Father Abraham's Practice of Quoting Scripture, Telling Stories and Writing Words with Two Meanings.

[*Special Cor. of the N. Y. Express*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. Hotel, }
July 31, 1864. }

Had a Bombshell fallen in the middle of the Dining Hall it could not have created more excitement than the appearance of the great Shoddy sermon in the *Express*.

The voices from the Pit astonish and delight. Such grasp of facts, such grouping of ideas, such historical knowledge, such abandon of fancy, such memory of events. These words are in every mouth. To-day the Dress Circle have waited upon the Pit, requesting no sermon to-day. The Pit is obliging. Hence the elaborate discourse to the drinkers of Congress water. Why-stand-ye-here-idle will be postponed. The Pit has made mistakes. The Pit is magnanimous, and hence if offence has been given to any miscegenator, the Pit not being a proud man, *is willing to accept his or her apology.* The grandfather of the Pit was a distinguished Methodist clergyman, which accounts for the Pit's knowledge of the Bible. By particular request the Pit will make no more allusion to the Gunboats. The word *Pegging Away* will be used instead. The Pit told Father Abraham that—

*Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense.*

Honest Abraham has introduced a new style of writing, of interlarding scripture with coarse jokes, and as abolition clergymen cheer for Abraham, the Pit thought he was doing good by imitating our Abolition Father, who tells

Whom it may Concern

that the war henceforth is *to abolish slavery*.

The Pit is virtuous, and has been from early youth. The Pit never having done wrong, declines to repent and refuses to admit that he is a miserable sinner. (Here in parenthesis the Pit makes a correction. Col. Monroe solemnly swears that *Col. Hamilton's father never wrote the farewell address*.)

He believes that Modesty means Surrender, Humility means Hypocrisy. The Pit towers over common minds like an Oak Tree over mulberry bushes. This arises from self-reliance, or being concious of never having wronged man or woman. The Pit's grandmother appealed to ambition, and gave the Pit these commandments.

Thou shalt not drink.

Thou shalt not smoke.

Thou shalt not take snuff.

Thou shalt not lie.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not gamble.

Thou shalt not swear.

Thou shalt not follow the immoral course of that miserable old Mormon Solomon.

Thou shalt not imitate David, saying that had that Uriah story leaked out about November, it would spoil David's chances for the Presidency.

The Pit has never broken these commandments, and no wonder the Dress Circle thinks him crazy.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Pit Continues to instruct the Dress Circle—Statesmen to take the Place of Politicians—Seward to Succeed Lincoln—Chase to take Fremont's Place.

[Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. Hotel, }
August 1, 1864. }

A Sentiment. The Dress Circle: Its Rights and nothing more. The Pit: its rights and nothing less. *Young men should be seen and not heard.* That shut my mouth for years. Then the Pit saw this Proverb. *Gravity, a mysterious carriage of the body to cover up the defects of the mind.* The Pit opened its mouth, and continues to educate and instruct the Dress Circle. The age of Owls has passed. Thurlow is an Owl. He is played out. *Like a seed cucumber we liked him better when he was green*—The idea of the Pot calling the Kettle Black.

Seward has fastened himself on Lincoln as Van Buren did on Jackson, but Seward will not succeed Lincoln as Van Buren did Jackson. The Secretary

of State has filled all the Custom Houses, and Blair all the Post Offices, and Stanton has packed the Army, for who? Lincoln—Not a mite of it for Seward! When Winchell, Latham and Steadman got up the Pomeroy circular movement, they found, to the surprise of Chase, that Thurlow Weed had packed the Custom House with Seward men. The Pit is an oracle. Second sight is rare in these days. The Pit and Diana of Ephesus are posted. Blair, Stanton and Seward have laid a deep conspiracy to make Seward President and Blair Vice-President. Stanton is to be Secretary of State or Minister to England. *The new Republican Convention to be held on the 15th of September of the malcontents will compel Lincoln to resign in favor of Seward.*

The reported great conspiracy of the North-west is started to cover up Thurlow Weed's treachery to Lincoln. Another inside whisper. *Fremont will retire. The Chase men will pay the bills of Cleveland and the New Nation.* Chase's friends will spend *five millions* to beat Lincoln, whether Chase wins or not. The Plot thickens. Politicians daily arriving here to consult the Pit. The leader of the Northwest writes to the Pit to-day (private) that McClellan goes up as Lincoln goes down. Saratoga is full of Fast Horses and George Wilkes. They may sneer. They may ridicule. They may ignore the Spirit of the Times, but Wilkes makes and breaks men. He made Broderick. He broke Seward, and Abraham grows pale in his presence. George Wilkes will be a power in this campaign. Moses Taylor says no to Fessenden. Of course he would. He is a Sub-Treasury of himself, and if he will take the office The Pit will make him Mayor of New York. The Pit knows no better man to succeed Cisco than Stebbins.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Pit Visits the Race Course to Report Doings of the Dress Circle—Two Splendid Races—The Copperheads Won in both Cases—The Mis-ceg-e-na-ting Horse said to have been Tampered with by a Once Distinguished Politician, now played out.

[*Special Cor. of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. Hotel, }
August 9, 1864. }

GREAT MEETING OF THE GAMBLERS.

They met; 'twas in a crowd. Morrissey is the Astor of the course. We did not see Tipton Slasher nor Ten Broeck, and Sir Robert Peel and Lord Coventry were both absent.

We noticed Sir Robert Lincoln, son of Abraham, Earl Lincoln; Paul Forbes, the china merchant and owner of Fleet Wing, and Major Jack Downing (Charles Augustus Davis). He has had many imitators, but none that equalled the famous letters to Jackson. Colorado Jewett left last night with important dispatches from the President to the Southern Commissioners.

There are four shining lights in history—Alexander the Great, Ju-li-us

Cæsar, Colorado Jewett, and Cholera Morbus! If Horace Greeley should get the nomination at Chicago, Jewett will be Vice President. He has done well for his country in unearthing Old Abe. Jewett is a success.

The Saratoga races always bring together the Gamblers—Gamblers in horses—Gamblers in dice—Gamblers at faro—Gamblers in reputation—Gamblers in Government contracts—Gamblers in stocks—Gamblers in money—Gamblers in shoddy—and Gamblers in politics.

Old joke—Why are sheep so often fleeced?

Answer—They spend their whole time on the *turf*. There are a good many *blacklegs* among them, and even their little ones *gamble*.

I will give you two thousand pounds, said Chesterfield to his groom, if you will win the race. I will, my Lord, replied the groom, but I have been offered four thousand *not to win it*.

FIRST RACE.—(CHICAGO CONVENTION)

Five horses started. TIPPERARY, an Irish horse, (General McClellan,) a great favorite. Everybody bet on him. KENTUCKY, (Guthrie,) here not much known. Nobody bet high—little said about him—not a favorite. *Ringmaster*, (ThurLOW Weed, been at the business for thirty years.) This horse attracted no attention. PATTI and MORRIS (Ketchum,) colt, (J. C. Fremont.) The last three horses came in behind, and to the astonishment of all, Tipperary (McClellan) was beaten by Kentucky (Guthrie).

SECOND RACE.

Two horses. Two heats—one mile each. Fleet Wing (Baltimore), Aldebaron (Chicago). Fleet Wing was favorite. Army, Navy, Post Office, Custom House, Tax Collectors, National Banks, Provost Marshals, the entire Dress Circle backed this horse. Aldebaron was backed by the Pit. Again the Wiseacres were outwitted. The Pit (Chicago) beat the Dress Circle (Baltimore) handsomely.

The friends of Fleet Wing lost the race by making him *carry the nig*. That alone would have beaten him these Petersburg times; but in addition, *mira-bili dictu!* the *nig's* name was OLD ABE! Aldebaron was rode *by a white man*. Straws and so forth—you know the proverb.

P. S.—*Suspicion of Foul Play*.—Some one must have been tampering with Fleet Wing (Baltimore). ThurLOW Weed was the last man seen in the stable.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Pit was Premier in England—Dress Circle Cheered—Why not be Premier here?—Abraham's Fast Day Observed on the Race Course—The Pit has no Respect for the Black House Humiliation.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. Hotel, }
August 7, 1864. }

*O God, we own the lust of power,
That bribes its upward way with gold;
And buys the triumph of an hour
With justice bartered, virtue sold!*

This is for you, Dis-Honest Abraham! This should be your daily prayer:

*O God, I own my giant crime,
The sin of Abolition, dire and dread;
For which thy wrath, in modern time,
Filled Dixie's land with first-born dead!*

Fast! Are you sure the great God of Peace is on your side? *Not enough humiliation, and too much fast.* Let the cry go out—Abolish Abraham Lincoln. Prayers go up on both sides, but it does not appear certain that Murder, Robbery, Arson, meet with Divine favor.

Omens are against you on the Race Course.

SECOND DAY.

Fleet Wing (Mis-ceg-e-na-tor) lost. Aldebaron (Copperhead) won.

THIRD DAY.

An Incident.—Baltimore (Lincoln) fell just before arriving at Grand Stand (Nov. Fourth). *The rider was a nig.* That Negro is fatal to Presidential Horses. *Slavery* killed Whig Party. *Slavery* killed Democratic Party. *Slavery* is destroying Mis-ceg-e-na-ting Party.

Another Incident.—*Hurdle Race*—Last heat, two horses fell over last hurdle, (Lincoln and McClellan); third horse (the unknown) won the race.

Quid Nunc say that Morrissey arranged to have these horses go down. Outsiders were delighted, and paid unknown greenbacks. Wall street men know how these things are done as well as faro men. Thurlow Weed has spent his life at the business. He is hand in hand with Abraham to his face, yet is making all his loaded dice for Seward—putting out the idea that Hancock will carry the army vote, and *Lincoln cannot*.

Thurlow Weed and Fernando Wood are playing a losing game. Thurlow has promised to make Fernando Secretary of State, if he will negotiate Chicago for Seward. Wood's Peace Meeting at Syracuse, August 18, is Thurlow Weed in buckram. Convention ahead.

August 10th.—McClellan and Anti-McClellan. *Anti-Mc.*—J. C. Vandyke, Chairman, E. C. Mitchell, Secretary. Note issued July 31. Preliminary meeting N. Y. Hotel. Adjourn to Hope Chapel. Object—defeat McClellan and make Pennsylvania go for Woodward. *You see, gentlemen, the Pit is posted.*

Pro Mc.—One hundred Copperheads from all parts meet same day, same place, to force the Nomination of McClellan. They adjourn to Union square.

Beware what you do—Individuals, this time, must stand aside for Country.

*Country over all,
Whatsoe'r befall,
If we Live or Die,
This must be our cry,
Country over all !*

Terrible Shipwreck—Exeter Hall Craft Mis-ceg-e-nator, Black hull, Nigger figure-head, Captain Abraham Lincoln, — Seward commanding, loaded with Niggers, Abolition Troops, and Sanitary Fair Envelopes for Lincoln and Johnson.

But he must understand that our support is of a cause, and not of a man ; that the authority of Congress is paramount, and must be respected ; that the whole body of the Union men of Congress will not submit to be impeached by him of rash and unconstitutional legislation, and if he wishes our support, he must confine himself to his executive duties—to obey and execute—not make—the laws ; to suppress by arms armed rebellion, and leave political reorganization to Congress.

See the rats floating on the water. Forney off for Europe.

Now, Ben Wade and Winter Davis escaping through the port-hole. Fremont, Phillips, Cheever away with the first boat. Chase got off on a bale of greenbacks. Thurlow Weed expects to get ashore on the back of a Copperhead, but Opdyke is preparing a torpedo that will blow T. W. into the sea. Look out ! said the conductor to the Frenchman. He did so, and got his head smashed against the Bridge. To this day that Frenchman thinks the conductor should have said Look-in !

Tennyson, in his last Poem, is singularly happy in describing Lincoln's destruction of the Constitution and fall of the *Black House* :

*Then the great White House was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcel'd into farms ;
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's nest, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plaitain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel (Father Abraham) there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.*

The most impudent man of the century is Abraham Lincoln. His audacity is only surpassed by his timidity. No other man would have interpreted the first three words of the Constitution, We The People, to mean We the President.

The nation is excited. The storm sleeps. The clouds blacken. *The outraged masses are looking round for a victim, May God have mercy on his soul.*

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Impeachment of the President—The Pit astounds the Dress Circle with the Magnitude of his Crime—The Tyrant places his Hat upon a Pole—A Tattered Constitution and a Dishonored Flag—The Fate of Tyrants.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. HOTEL, }
August 8, 1864. }

WHEN, IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS, it becomes necessary to Impeach The President of the United States, a decent respect for the opinions of the Dress Circle renders it necessary for WE, THE PEOPLE, to show cause by solemnly ADDRESSING Whom it May Concern.

H. G., of Oregon, elected A. L., of Illinois. Platform. Not in words but in fact.

First. *Tear down the Flaunting Rag.* (H. G.)

Second. *Let the Union slide.* (H. P. B.)

Union League with Hell, Covenant with Death. (W. L. G.)

Liberty to the Slave or Death to the Union (W. P.)

Abolish Slavery, if Five Millions of White Men are destroyed. (J. Q. A., 1843.)

We can and will do it, (W. H. S. at Cleveland.)

We must have an Anti-Slavery Constitution, an Anti-Slavery Bible, and an Anti-Slavery God. (A. B.)

Prayed that the torch of the incendiary would light up the towns and cities of the South. (J. R. G.)

Better discord reign in National Councils—better Congress break up in wild disorder—better the Capitol blaze by incendiary torch, and bury all beneath the ruins, than not abolish Slavery. (H. G.)

Union not worth preserving. (J. I. P.)

Let it come to blood. I am ready. (J. P. H.)

Slavery will not live a year after our party is in power. (S. P. C.)

If Ballot fails, drive back Slaveocrats with fire and sword. (J. W. W.)

On this platform the Tyrant was chosen at Chicago, and at once most of the foregoing were appointed Ministers. Two were placed in the Cabinet. Pledged therefore to destroy the Union—*Tear down the flaunting rag* (H. G.)—and destroy the sacred charter of our liberties, the Pit commences the impeachment.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE CONSTITUTION AS IT IS AND AS IT ISN'T.

WE, THE PEOPLE, to secure the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution:

First. *All legislative power is invested in Congress.* (Art. 1, sec. 1.)

(Oath of A. L.) *I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States: and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.* (Art. 2, sec. 2.)

The President shall be removed from office on Impeachment for and conviction of Treason, Bribery, and other high crimes and misdemeanors. (Art. 2, sec. 4.)

HOW A. L. HAS PERJURED HIMSELF.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office. (Art. 1, sec.)

Major-General Frank P. Blair was so appointed by the President.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

The privilege of the writ of Habeas Corpus shall not be suspended. (Art 1, sec.

The Public Safety did not require that the best blood of the land should Bastiled whenever Mr. Seward rang his bell.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed. (Art. 1, sec. 9.)

He has signed such law.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

The trial of all crimes, except impeachment, shall be by Jury. (Art. 3, sec. 3.)

What trial by jury have the inmates of the Old Capitol, Fort McHenry, Lafayette, or Warren had?

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No attainder of treason shall work corruption, blood or forfeiture. except during the life of the person attainted. (Art. 3, sec. 3.)

Remember the Confiscation Bill you signed *attaints babes unborn.*

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No new States shall be formed or admitted within jurisdiction of any other State. (Art. 4, sec. 3.)

You signed the bill making Western Virginia a State, and for the sixth time perjured yourself.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

A republican form of Government guaranteed to every State, and protection from invasion. (Art. 4, sec. 4.)

You have, with your officers, invaded States, seized citizens, exiled foreigners, suppressed newspapers. issued letters *des cachet*, and usurped our liberties, under the Tyrant's plea of military necessity.

I IMPEACH FOR THIS—PERJURY.

No abridgement of Freedom of Speech or Press, or right of People to peaceably assemble to Petition Government for redress of grievances. (Amendment to Constitution, Art. 1.)

You have arrested a thousand citizens, suspended a hundred newspapers, and yet your horse laugh is heard over the grave of Trial by Jury. No-body Hurt.

PATRICK HENRY WAS A PATRIOT.

Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the I. his Cromwell, and Abraham Lincoln (Treason! cry the Loyal Leaguers. Treason! shout the Disciples of Shoddy,) and "We the People" recommend Abraham Lincoln to profit by their example.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Pit talks on National Affairs to the Railway Kings and Potentates on the Verandah—Demagogues to be dethroned, Statesmen to take their places—The Dress Circle astonished at the Wisdom of the Pit.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. HOTEL, }
August 8th, 1864. }

No more Levity. No more gunboat stories. The Pit adopted Father Abraham's style, in order to show Dress Circle its gross immorality. The Pit is a gentleman. Horace Greely says Father Abraham is not. See Sander's despatch to Horace. Do you remember the Irish play? *Are you shure it's me?* Yes. *No yer not. Ye have jist bin taking me for some other Dirty Blackguard.*

The Congress of Pit-men on the Verandah, after a sharp debate, adopted this sole and only plank for the Chicago Platform:

Resolved,

ANYTHING TO GET RID OF A. L.

The Abolition councils are thrown into confusion. The Mis-ceg-e-nating ship is in the breakers. The life boat! the life boat. The rudder is broken. There is a hole in the side. I thought you knew where the Rocks were in the channel shouted the excited Captain to the Irish Pilot. I do, and that's one of 'em, said he, as the ship struck upon the reef! The passengers are escaping. Some on entire Platforms. Some on planks. Abraham is seen on the poop deck shouting my Kingdom for a Cotton Bale.

How he intended to Elect Himself.

Pack the cards. Load the dice. *Lame the rival horses.* Poison the riders. He has failed. The Plot is in all mouths. He had ten armies. Here they are.

DEBIT—

First—Noble Army of Clergymen. Mis-ceg-e-ne-tors. George Augusta Sala has well described them.

Second—Noble Army of Sanitary Fair Committees, ambitious for Newspaper notoriety.

Third—Noble Army of Custom-House Officers, many thousand strong.

Fourth—Noble Army of Postmasters, sending the Poisoned Ballots to every city, town, and hamlet in the nation.

Fifth—Noble Army of Tax-gatherers, penetrating every coat, hat, and stomach in the land.

Sixth—Noble Army of Provost Marshals, to pick up opposition Newspapers and arrest Copperheads.

Seventh—Noble Army of Soldiers. *The greatest. The noblest. The best in the world.*

Eighth—Noble Army of Sailors, commanded by Admiral Rip Van Winkle. *Six hundred ships three years catching the Alabama, but none left for the Tallahassee.*

Ninth—Noble Army of Military Governors and Officers in the Civil service.
Tenth—All the Noble Armies backed up and paid by the Noble Army of Greenbacks and Battalion of Black Backs and National Banks.

Attention Copperheads? Do you see your work? Organize? Organize! Organize! You ask what our stock in trade is to meet the liabilities.

Audi Alteram Partem.

CREDIT.

First.—Fremont and his German Legion, a cry of Revenge.

Second.—Wendell Phillips and his Host. Men who fight for Principle, not for pay.

Third.—The Cheever Battalion, taking thousands of Religious Fanatics away from Abraham.

Fourth.—Chase and his Five Millions.

His Convention will be held about October 10th.

Fifth.—Seward and his Torpedoes, Mines, and Spring Guns. Thurlow Weed has started the signal in Hamilton county, Ohio.

His Convention meets at Buffalo in September.

Sixth.—Ben Wade and Henry Winter Davis' Broadside on State Reconstruction.

Seventh.—The Great People's Convention, Republicans, now being organized. This is confidential. No more now. But it is a Waterloo. My lips are sealed.

All these, you note, are Mis-ceg-e-na-ting combinations.

NOW ADD.

Four Millions of Catholics, who never preached Nigger in the Pulpit, and the Bombshell the Pit intends throwing into the Dress Circle at Chicago,—and then Fare-well-Father-Abraham.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Postpone the Chicago Convention. The Pit demands it—The Dress Circle dare not say No—Read the Constitution—The People this time will elect their own President—The Politicians have lost their Occupation.

[Special Cor. of the N. Y. Express.]

U. S. HOTEL, SARATOGA SPRINGS, }
August 11, 1864. }

POSTPONE THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. *It is the Birthday of Benedict Arnold! The First Postponement nearly broke the back of A. L. The Second will finish him.* The Politicians have packed the cards again. The People will not play. The People will speak in November. No matter what the Politicians do in August. Chicago will be packed with Placemen. My Kingdom for an Office. Ben Butlers and John Cochrans, and Dick Busteeds

will be as thick as Blackberries. Anything for a Place. All the way from Two to Ten Thousand Dollars. The People will be sold. POSTPONE THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. *It is the Birthday of Benedict Arnold!*

The great battle has commenced. Peace and War. Determined men will close round McClellan, saying they will smash the party if their god is sacrificed. *The God of War*. Men equally determined will close around another name, swearing their god shall win—*The God of Peace*. The wigwam will shake with the contending factions. War to the knife—you see it in Union Square. The Pit is better posted on coming events than the Dress Circle. Man worship is rampant. Nobody speaks for country. How eloquent the orators. The Constitution is the topic. All demand the Constitution of their Fathers. When the fight waxes warm and passion is high, the Pit will rise.

SPEECH OF THE PIT.

[Expressly reported for the *N. Y. Express*.]

“Mr. Speaker—The gentleman from Nebraska—

“PEACE, BE STILL! was the declaration of our Saviour to the Sea of Galilee.

Awed into instant silence, the startled audience gazed anxiously at the youthful orator.

“Mr. Speaker, he continued—*Nobody but a European, whose sympathies are against our people, would ever have thought of appointing the Birthday of Benedict Arnold for a Democratic Convention.* (Sensation.) It cheers me in this troubled sea to hear the frequent allusions to that sacred Chart of our liberties, the Constitution. Day dawns once more.”

“Your resolutions, gentlemen, your eloquence, however, will avail you nothing unless you practice what you preach. All those in favor of electing a President constitutionally, manifest it by saying aye! The response shook the wigwam to its base. Contrary minded, No. It was unanimous. Webster loved the Constitution. Mr. Speaker—*When we have been sailing for a long time on an unknown sea, we take advantage of the first ray of sunshine to get an observation to ascertain where we have been floating.* I ask for a reading of the Constitution. [Sensation.] First, point ont to me where it states that a caucus of Placemen, a convention of politicians, shall meet at Chicago, or Baltimore, or Cleveland, or Charleston, or Cincinnati? [Sensation.] If not there, perhaps you will see where it is recommended in the Declaration of Independence, or recorded in the amendments or guarantees of the Constitution. [The delegates show great impatience at being rebuked by a Tribune of the People.] You do not find it, Mr. Speaker. Be so kind, then, as to read the clause in the Constitution instructing us how to elect the President. The clerk reads:

“*The Electors shall meet in their respective States and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State as themselves. * * They shall sign and certify the list, and transmit it sealed to the President of the Senate, and so forth.*” (Article XII., Amended Constitution.) I therefore demand, in the name of the People, the postponement of the Convention. The people refuse to be swindled any longer. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. For thirty years the people have been foiled. The Electors were all Placemen. They divided the offices between them. For thirty years the Electors have met

"not to elect constitutionally, but to ratify what took place at a packed Convention of Politicians six months before. The Politicians and Electors are hand in hand again. The People are to be sacrificed.

"Washington was elected by the whole country. Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and the younger Adams, were elected under that clause of the Constitution just read. Jackson came in elected by the People. The swindle commenced with Van Buren, and Jackson was made a party to it. Come back, then, to the Constitution of our Fathers, and POSTPONE THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. *It is the birthday of Benedict Arnold.*" [Loud cheers from the Fenians and the ten thousand spectators in the pit. The Delegates were dumbfounded, but the Convention was postponed, and the country saved.]

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Pit continues to talk Wisdom—All his Ways are Ways of Pleasantness, and all his Paths are Peace—The Dress Circle Commenceth to appreciate the Plans—The Stratagems and Knowledge the Pit has shown in Defeating the Tyrant—Abolition the cause of the War.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, U. S. HOTEL, }
August 12th, 1864. }

Abraham wrestled with the (Copperhead) angels, but the angels were too much for Abraham, and he was thrown violently to the ground. The dropping of water goes through the hardest stone—so these voices from the Pit begin to penetrate through the thick hide of the Tyrant.—*Washington advises the Pit to stop. But who's afraid? When David found that he could not wear Saul's armor, he got mad and took a sling.* Abraham finds that the clothes of George Washington and Andrew Jackson are too big for him; so he tears the contract—the Constitution—into threads. You saw the Impeachment. There is a Kansas proverb that the only man that can beat Jim Lane at hard swearing on an affidavit is John C. Fremont. I may mention that the proverb became history before Abraham was found out.

He who diggeth a pit shall fall into it, and he who breaketh a hedge, a serpent (Copperhead) shall bite him. (Eccls., x., 8.) Abraham dug his own grave. Seward will pitch him in, or get Thurlow Weed to do it.

I would rather be James Buchanan in American history than Abraham Lincoln. Tyrants die terrible deaths. *Down with Holofernes and up with Judah.* Most tyrants employ jesters—some act the fool themselves. *Down with Charles the First and up with Cromwell.* Cæsar was an honorable man, but Cæsar was ambitious. *Down with Cæsar and up with Brutus.* Murat was a tyrant. Let the blood flow. The guillotine must not get rusty. *Three cheers for Charlotte Corday.* Louis Fourteenth issued *lettres de cachet*

every month. Abraham did it every hour. Can the Queen of England do as much? Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln should not forget that Benedict Arnold died in a miserable garret in a foreign land.

Abolition was the cause of the war.

We have been dead drunk. Worse. Stupor was succeeded by Delirium Tremens. When Martin Luther threw the inkstand at the Devil his disordered brain had conjured up in the corner of his prison—he had the delirium tremens. In the fumes of liquor we said *Slavery caused the War*. We were drunk. We notify now

WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, that in the age of Reason we admit that *Abolition caused the war*. Abraham says we may have the Union, our old Flag, and our Constitution, if we will abolish slavery. We defy his power. *We will have the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is*, or some more of us are ready to die. Constitution as it is? Yes. For the Supreme Court will wipe out all the tyrant's acts. *There is no half way between Liberty and Death*. FREEDOM caused the war. So Gold is cause of Drunkenness and crime, but does that justify the abolition highwayman in cutting your throat and taking the gold out of your pocket? In Delirium we were Murderers, Incendiaries, Villians, and called it Patriotism—we are getting over the Drunk—Delirium has waned. Reason is restored.

And we begin to see what the Pit told the Dress Circle the *One hundred and fifty* nights he spoke on his return from England, THAT ABOLITION CAUSED THE WAR. Moses killed an Egyptian and hid him in the sand, and then had the cheek to write the commandment *Thou shalt not kill*. Abraham has made a slaughter house of the Army of the Potomac, and still calls this Hecatomb of white men MY PLAN. Down with the Traitor Abraham Lincoln, and up with the Patriot ———.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Pit Develops a Great Idea—The Dress Circle Observes the Handwriting on the Wall—Why not have a Western Empire?—The Times are Changing—We look to the Pit for New and Startling Points—Ho! for the Mississippi.

[*Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.*]

ROCKAWAY-ON-THE-SEA, {
August 15, 1864. }

WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY! Napoleon goes to war for an idea. The Pit goes to peace for an idea. Columbus started for the East and found a West. Vespuccius believed in a West. The miserable old Pilgrim Fathers steered for the West. Miles Standish called himself a Western man. Yet centuries later there was no West. Verily, how strange. Antagonism in the West would have prevented Abraham from *joking over the graveyard of five hundred thousand white men*.

Why has there been no West? I have heard North and South until it makes me sick, and East until it nauseates, and Northwest, meaning Chicago, a city planted *some feet below Lake Michigan, in order always to have mud in the streets*. When you speak of the Northwest say Chicago. She quietly absorbs all that thunder on account of the Advertising Bills having been paid by the Illinois Central Railway. McClellan was engineer. Nobody understands advertising better than that Road. It made one President, and intends to make another. Ketchum tells the *Herald* that the Union Square bills cost only *Two thousand dollars*. Turchin was on that road and Buckner. Rebels. So was Burnside and Banks.

Westward the Course of Empire takes its way.

Gentlemen—Ho! for a sentiment. I give you—

The Western Empire! Away with your pent up New England notions. Let us have a West. Ferdinand de Soto, give me your hand. Ponce de Leon cross the Mississippi, and you will find your fabled Fountain of Youth. We will have a West.

The Patient Dint and Powder Shock,
Can blast an Empire out of Rock.

In 1785, the King of Spain owned the West. His agent was no Ambassador, only an *Encargado de Negocios*, who came to arrange the free trades of the Mississippi. Jay was Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and was stupid enough to propose to Congress to give up our rights on the Mississippi for thirty years. James Monroe had more brains. *The South to a man was against it*. The North, led off by Rufus King, of Massachusetts, *voted to close the River*. Massachusetts always was a Toady to Foreign Dictation. The Cavaliers had more sense than the Puritans. *Here was the commencement of the Rebellion between North and South eighty years ago*. The vote was seven States to five, Delaware not being eligible. But nine States were wanted, hence the South saved the Mississippi. *Therefore the West is ready to join fortunes with the South, its early friend, instead of the North, its Puritan enemy*.

Enemy in its infancy. Enemy in its boyhood. Enemy now in its manhood. Seven years after, Spain opens the river to us forever, and in 1803, Napoleon intended to establish a military colony in Louisiana, as his nephew is now doing in Mexico. But, *presto*, he was at war again. He wanted money. How much will you give? said Talleyrand. Fifteen millions, said Monroe. Done. And lo! two millions of square miles of gold, and iron and lead and pastoral lands, for *one hundred millions of Buffaloes*, were ceded to America by France in order to make a West. Nebraska is my home. Tom Benton is dead. Edward Bates still lives. These two were the lawyers that introduced slavery into the Constitution of Missouri and kept it there. When I returned from England Bates *showed me the impossibility of dividing the West and South*. The Pit belongs to the West now, and ho! for the Western Empire. To divide? No. To control. If division, however, were possible, which it is not, the West will cast its fortunes with the South. Who ever heard of a great river dividing a nation with hostile gunboats."

The vast region on the other side of the Mississippi will in future be known as THE WEST. Already Five States and Eight Territories. They will hold a Town meeting in the Rooms of the Nebraska Delegation at the Sherman House at midday on Saturday, the Twenty-Seventh. The Wigwam will be open Monday.

Speech of the Pit to the Western Delegation.

[*Especially reported for the N. Y. Express*]

Judge Weller, of California, in the Chair.

Mr. President—The gentleman from Nebraska. Monday will be a great day in American History. The world looks on. Somebody must take the lead. Why not assume our position and save the Country by Noble acts?

We cannot play the Fiddle over a burning city like Father Abraham (laughter), but we can build up an almost ignored Section into a great Empire (applause). Did we make the War? No. Then it is our duty to make the Peace. (Cheers.) Who created this anarchy? The East. Are you sure? Yes, this WAR OF THE FANATICS was no affair of ours. Is Exeter Hall located in the Rocky Mountains? Did Wendell Phillips come from Dacotah? Was Horace Greeley a native of Arizona? or Henry Ward Beecher a Resident of Nebraska? (I do not allude to the Jackass of that name owned by Sterling Morton and Mr. Bennett the Nebraska Delegates on your right) (laughter). Is Charles Sumner a Californian? and Wm. H. Seward a Resident of Oregon? Are you sure that the Duchess of Sutherland and Harriet Beecher Stowe are not disciples of Utah?—No they would prefer a plurality of men! (Laughter.) WHO MADE THE WAR? Did we of the West? No, thank God. We have no hate against the South. No old scores to settle. No fugitives to return. No Sumner to knock down. We never blackguarded the South.—Theodore Parker did not belong to Montano, and William Lloyd Garrison never saw New Mexico. The Fugitive Slave Law never touched the West. No Burns' Riot. No Jerry rescue. No Nigger meeting on the Plains. *The East then made the war. Let the West make the Peace.* The sooner the country understands that Reconstruction comes from the Pacific side instead of the Atlantic the better for all. (Applause.)

WESTWARD THE COURSE ON EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY.

De Tocqueville said the children of the world, driven by the hand of God, were peopling the Western wilderness at the rate of twenty miles per annum. We meet to-day, delegates from the west, to speak as one man. You know the strength of unity. The Indian chief broke the stick before the Council, but asked the young warriors to break the bundle. The six nations remained a power under such leadership. One bundle of wheat will fall—stick them together, and the wind may blow in vain. The trip hammer is a power, as the huge mass strikes the anvil—scatter the same amount of iron in snow flakes over the pasture, and the power of concentration is acknowledged.

The Delegates from the Territories demand a vote in the Convention (senation). Why, I ask, should an Abolition State have three electoral votes for President, and a Democratic Territory have no power in a Democratic Convention? For shame. We are all here, and we shall not only speak but we shall vote. Gentlemen of the East, be not too sure of your packed Delegations for particular men. *The West throws an Electoral Vote of one hundred and sixteen (116)**, and demands this time the Vice-President (cheers). At last we have a West. You may break us, but you cannot bend us. We have the Pastoral Land. We have the Gold Mines.

WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY.

Emigrants now cross the Mississippi. Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, are now Eastern States. Immigrants pass them now. We are as the Isothermal Belt. The Zodiac of Empire. The future of the Nation is with us. And ere many years, we demand, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Rocky Mountains, *that the Capitol of the Nation be removed from Washington to Fort Kearney!* (Loud cheers.) Why should we be obliged to go from two to four thousand miles to Congress, in order to please the East?

One voice, then, will vote for THE MAN.

Don't forget, Delegates, that the entire Electoral Vote of the South will be thrown for the Right Man in November. (Sensation.)

THE SOUTH IS WITH US, AND WE ARE WITH THE SOUTH. (Cheers.)

(The Delegates immediately agreed to stand together. They combined to control and save the Republic, not to overthrow or divide it. The idea was novel, but took like wildfire.)

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

* NOTE.

<i>Territories.</i>	<i>Delegates.</i>	<i>Territories.</i>	<i>Delegates.</i>
Nebraska.....	6	New Mexico	6
Colorado.....	6	Dacotah.....	6
Montano.....	6	Nevada.....	6
Idaho.....	6		—
Washington.....	6		54
Arizona	6		
<i>States.</i>	<i>Delegates.</i>	<i>States.</i>	<i>Delegates.</i>
Oregon.....	6	Missouri.....	22
California.....	10		—
Iowa.....	13		62
Kansas	6		
Territories			54
States.....			62
			—
Votes of the Delegates.....			116

A Row in Pandemonium, the Mement Abe Gets There—The Singer, the Painter and the Devil—The Pit Honors the Dress Circle by Singing the Guitar Song of Faust, and Paints Some Life Pictures from the City of the Dead—Mephistophles Looks on and Joins in the Chorus with Nobody Hurt.

(Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.)

ROCKAWAY-ON-THE-SEA,
Aug. 17, '64. }

HA, HA! HA! *Nobody hurt!*

Ye sons of Liberty awake,
Our hearths and altars are at stake;
Arise! arise! for Freedom's sake,
And strike down Abraham Lincoln.

TWO PICTURES.—Time—same week and day and hour.—1. The Battle-field of the Wilderness. Twenty thousand dead and dying. The wounded left on the Battle-field. Fire! Fire! See the woods burn. Not enough to die. Not enough to be hacked to pieces and live among the wounded, but these white men must be burned upon the field of battle, so that SLAVERY MAY BE ABOLISHED.

HA! HA! HA! *Nobody hurt!*

While this tableaux amuses this kind-hearted President—before the dead are buried. Before the charred body of the burnt Soldier is removed, he sends Arnold Oglesby and Staff to the Cooper Institute, New York, to wake up Public Opinion to influence the Baltimore Convention.

HA! HA! HA! *Nobody hurt!*

Our Union Eagle is not Dead;
Again his great wings are spread
To swoop upon the Tyrant's head,
And strike down Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln and Herman are very like. Mephistophles and the President. Both so Honest. Meph., however, is no match for Abraham. Abe, the first Day would change the Bye Laws and Constitution of Pandemonium as a Military necessity. This reminds me of a little story. Once upon a time I went to the opera. Herman that night was grand. Gold foil under his eyes. How they glare. Imitation Horns. Red and Black Dress. Cloven feet. One of which just touched the stage. The Guitar Song was encored. I looked to see who led off. There in a Private Box sat Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, with those little hands of his. That handsome face lighted up with Satanic fancy. *A Battle was raging at the Time, and Thousands were sent in the moment of Military Murder to meet their God.* I looked at Herman. I looked at Lincoln. As Jim Lane would say, Great God! what a strange resemblance. I have never been able to shake off that impression. That terrible Chorus rings in my ears over every new batch of graveyards. That levity of the Black House wakes me up at all hours.

HA! HA! HA! *Nobody hurt.* A Pyramid of Dead. Higher than that of Egypt. That *Slavery may be abolished.* That the Union may be dissolved.

THAT THIS LEAGUE WITH HELL AND COVENANT WITH DEATH MAY BE BROKEN. That the Flag may be dishonored. TEAR DOWN THE FLAUNTING LIE. That the Republic may be destroyed. *For slavery must be abolished*

We have been deceived. Meph. is the Father of Lies. Periodically for three years they have stated that the Southern army was demoralized. *They lied.* They said at Sumter it would be over in *sixty days.* *They lied.* They said, when Donelson, Henry, Columbus, New Madrid—(Gantt was the Rebel general in command. He abuses Copperheads now)—fell, that peace was at hand. *They lied.* They said in Chicago Platform, in Inaugural Message, in Congress, everywhere, that the war was for the Union. **THEY LIED.** Listen to their damnable chorus over the graves of a brave and injured people.

Ha! Ha! Ha! *Nobody hurt.* They said when Hudson, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, had added to the Hecatomb of dead, that Peace was hard by. That the war was over. *They lied.* They said that this was not a nigger war for abolition—and that the Constitution should not be tampered with. *They lied*

Give us some Rotten Boroughs. So West Point bows to Boyd. Major-General Gilmore, report yourself to Major John Hay. The Major orders the General to throw fifteen hundred white men into a nigger trench for *three electoral votes.* BUT HAS THAT BROUGHT BACK THE UNION? One hundred and fifty thousand white men are no more in the army of the South-west. BUT HAS THAT BROUGHT BACK THE UNION? One hundred and fifty thousand more are under the sod in the army of the Potomac. BUT HAS THAT BROUGHT BACK THE UNION? No. The Union, no! Down with the flag. Trample it in the mud. Tear the Constitution into lamp lighters. Break up the Republic. The Fanatics say so, *that Slavery may be abolished.* Our National debt in sixty, was One Hundred Millions. Now it is Two Thousand Millions. *But has that brought back the Union?* Our commerce is destroyed on every sea. *But has that brought back the Union?* The Political Generals are still pegging away. Roll in the dead. **SLAVERY MUST BE ABOLISHED. I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.** That reminded Lincoln of the Tale of the Virtuous Cat. Pretty soon there will be a howl against Grant that will shake the Nation. If he intended fighting it out on that line, why go to the White House, at the cost of *Eighty Thousand Soldiers*, when he could have gone McClellan's road without the loss of a man? Never was such butchery known before. Was it MY PLAN that the Army of the Potomac should be one Vast Slaughter House?

HA! HA! HA!—*Nobody hurt.*—Hark. What's that? The ambulances are passing. Hear those groans. That very moment the President was reminded of a little story. A widow was at the White House. An orphan child near by. They waited till the contractors had left with the last Bawdy joke. Give us Picayune Butler, Marshal Lamont. Hear the chorus:

HA! HA! HA! *Nobody hurt.* Already one hundred and fifty thousand widows and five hundred thousand little orphan children demand that the tyrant take his hand off the throat of our nation.

What soil but spurns the coward slave,
Oh, liberty is for the brave.
Our cry be Union or the Grave,
And strike down Abraham Lincoln.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

The Pit Advises the Dress Circle of the Death of Certain Parties—
Among Others, The Whig, The Democratic and the Republican.
He also Instructs Chicago to Throw Overboard Some Old Foggy
Notions and get out of the Ruts of Partisanship.

[Special Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.]

ROCKAWAY-ON-THE-SEA, }
August 17, 1864. }

The *Whig Party* died in 1852, with the death of Calhoun, Clay and Webster. *Slavery did it.* The *Democratic Party* died in 1860, with the Bolt at Charleston and Election of Lincoln. *Slavery did it.* And this is the Epitaph of the Republican Party on old Abe's Tombstone:

DIED

November 4, 1864,

The Abolition Party,

After a Lingerin Illness of Twenty-five Years
of

Nigger on the Brain.

Pall Bearers:

Three Millions of White Men.

Slavery did it.

Party, then, has ceased to exist. Destroy Party, and Politicians step aside and the People breathe a new life. *Postpone.*

There is no Democratic Party. The war killed it. Our oldest Democrats are the most rabid of the Abolitionists. So are our oldest Whigs. Such fossils as Charles Francis Adams, Wm. H. Dayton and Edward Everett are as black as Richard Busteed, Ribbioned ox Dickinson, Stanton, of the War Department, and Benjamin F. Butler. Show me the difference between a War Democrat and Abraham Lincoln! There is no Democratic party.

POSTPONE—Meade, Rosecranz, Banks, Sickles, McClellan, Grant, Meagher, Halleck, Burnside, were all Democrats. Yet these are War Democrats, *They vote for Lincoln and defend him.*—The rank and file are mostly Democrats. But the patriotic part of the war is over. Who volunteers now for country? or Fame? The patriots are dead. Men now fight for pay.

MILITARY ARRESTS.

Wood publishes McClellan, and Godwin Dix. The Express is the White Man's paper, and is a power in the Nation. You give more for four cents than any journal in the land. Why? Because you quote from everybody. Hence, I expect to see the letters on military arrests alluded to above. You are bold, plucky, independent. Your course in Congress has made you many friends, and nobody questions your talent. You preach every day to fifty thousand voters, so we expect you to deal fairly by all. The Express this campaign will run up to 100,000, and the Pit expects to see you hoist the flag of the country, not of any particular man. What are men in times like these. *Postpone.*

SOMETHING GOING TO BURST.

I can't tell why, but I feel something in the air. A *coup d'etat*. I smell it. When a nigger preacher and an Abolition lecturer are sent to Richmond

and H. G. to Canada at the same time, it means action. What is going to happen? Let us speculate. Will Lee capture Washington? Will Grant take Richmond? Is there any chance of Banks raising the flag over the Halls of Montezuma. Will France, through Maximilian, acknowledge the South? *Now Confederate bonds are quoted fifteen per cent. higher in London than Federal.* Should you be surprised to see W. H. S. leave Washington for a ten day trip to Richmond? I shouldn't. When Postmaster Dawson and Chronicle Forney foreshadow armistice, it means more than shown on the surface. Negotiations are going on now between Richmond and Washington. If A. L. dares to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy, he will be torn limb from limb. The politicians must not deceive the people. *Postpone.*

Is it true that a Congress of Democratic Chiefs meet at the United States, Saratoga, on Monday? Rumor says the entire National Committee, North and South. Vallandigham, it seems, is to be there, and Judge Woodward, and Tom Seymour. Voorhees and Thurlow Weed. Are you invited? I am, as Representative of the Pit. *Postpone.* George Francis Train, I see, is still there, and assumes to run the whole machine; yet I heard him tell Erastus Corning, the other day, that he was the best played out man in the country. On Wednesday, another great Congress will take place at the Clifton House, Canada. Holcombe, Clay, Saunders, Thompson, Beverly Tucker, Memminger, and Judah P. Benjamin. My letter from St. Catharines was dated on Monday. *Postpone.* This great meeting on Monday at Saratoga, and on Wednesday at Niagara, will develope some startling things. Where the cards are packed, politicians will have to choose new hands, or they will be very cold.

THROWN OVERBOARD.

Chicago must throw overboard five cardinal points. PRO-SLAVERY, FREE TRADE, REPUDIATION, STATES RIGHTS, and the MONROE DOCTRINE. Good bye, I am off for Saratoga, Niagara, and Chicago.

ITEM.—Salmon P. Chase, John C. Fremont, Charles Sumner, Senator Pomeroy, and Governor Andrew, all slept in the same bed last week in Boston. A new brood of chickens may be expected.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

